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ADMIRAL SIR BRUCE FRASER
Commander-in-Chief British Pacific Fleet

Invest
in
**THE THIRD
VICTORY
LOAN**

A husband does the shopping

By
**JOHN
MORGAN**

IN a careless moment I remarked to my wife, Effie, that I couldn't see why women made such a fuss about going down the street to buy a few groceries and a pound or so of vegetables when all they had to do was to hand over the money, collect the stuff, and simply march home again.

I will pass over the storm that broke on my wondering words, but the upshot was that Effie said I'd "just better try it myself one day and see how I manage."

"The trouble is that you women have no system," I said. "Now if we had gone on like that in the Army, where would we be to-day?"

"All right," she said grimly, "I'll see you don't forget to do the shopping next Saturday."

Being taken up so promptly was more than I had expected. I had just been talking generally with the idea of giving a hint or two on how to systematise shopping and then modestly fading out of the picture.

Well, Saturday morning arrived. I was ready and confident for this new phase of my life.

I wrote out the list, collected the coupon books, and armed with three string-bags manfully strode off, not at all worried, although I did rather think the list seemed a bit long just for the week-end.

Arriving at the butcher's, I found a queue stretching out of his shop and round the corner.

"That's bad," I thought, "but I'll

First of all let me say I haven't been shopping because I like it, nor because I wanted to help out the little woman who works her fingers to the bone for me. The week-end supplies are heaped around me and I think back to the day when this all began.

go to the next place and come back here later."

"There you are," I said to myself, "that's system. A muddling woman would stand in that line and wait all day."

When I reached the fruit shop it was full to the doors, hot and harassed assistants pushed in and out of the crowd crying, "Whatcha want, missus?"

I didn't intend to be crushed to death in that mob, so I went to the grocer's.

The grocery store was not bad. The crowd seemed a little more civilised, and I banked on getting some service at last.

I stood still for a quarter of an hour while the grocer served women at the side of me, in front of me, and even behind me.

Thoroughly fed up, I demanded in my former parade-ground voice to be served.

"You ain't a regular," said the grocer firmly, "so wait yer turn."

He strode off down to the other end of the counter and I strode out of the shop.

Little did I think that the next week would see me creeping into his shop and humbly offering my list for his attention.

Having swallowed my anger down with a schooner of cold and much-needed beer I thought I'd go back to the butcher's.

I was gratified to find that the

queue had disappeared. So had the meat! The doors were closed and a "Sold out" sign was in the window.

Despairingly I went back to the greengrocer's. Desperate by now I pushed my way in.

I yelled out to the first assistant who got near me. The conversation went like this:

"Pound of potatoes."

"Haven't got any."

"All right, half-a-dozen bananas."

"Only sell them by the pound."

"Give me a pound."

"How much are the rock-melons?"

"Fivepence."

"I'll have two."

"Here ya. 1/-."

"But you said fivepence."

"Can't ya read th' sign, 'From fivepence'?"

"Two pounds of onions."

"Haven't got any."

After this I made for the cake shop, but just as I got there the manageress was shutting the doors.

I looked at my watch. It was noon.

"Closing time and I've hardly started," I thought. "I haven't paid the electric light or bought any butter, sugar, tea, cheese, bacon, chump chops, roast, or potatoes."

What my wife, Effie, said to me is not one of the happiest memories of our married life.

But I've learnt all the tricks since that terrible day.

On discovering that a chap in the butcher's shop was a returned soldier like myself I joined up with the same ex-servicemen's association.

At the next meeting I had the great "pleasure of meeting him socially."

He is now my friend. And I have the meat situation completely under control.

We have fillet steak twice a week.

The girl in the cake shop reacts pleasantly to my beaming smile and I squeeze her hand quite firmly when she gives me the change. I didn't actually tell my wife about that.

A perfect system of grovelling and the most uncalled-for civility manages to get me most of what I want in the greengrocer's shop.

My wife, however, has an annoying habit of asking why I don't use my discretion and get peaches instead of peaches when there aren't any peaches.

To this, I loftily reply that peaches were on the list and I only work to the list.

The grocer was a tougher proposi-

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tion. My technique with him was, I thought, subtle.

I happened to meet him one afternoon in the local pub. I purposely stood next to him and then started a conversation.

The next thing I was asking him to have one.

After a few I turned the conversation round to wartime shortages, especially groceries. He replied that, for his part, he found it most difficult to get a few bottles of beer.

Here was my chance. I said that I might be able to get him a bottle every now and then.

In fact, I might be able to bring one along next Saturday morning when I came for the groceries.

I did, and furtively placed it down behind the counter.

That takes care of the grocer.

At the moment I am thinking of

forming the Ex-Servicemen's Anti-Shopping Association.

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They spent happy hours picnicking by the river.

I WON'T BE HURT

By...

PHYLLIS HAMBLETON

"SHE'S a wow, a cinch, a beautiful!" crooned Sam Trotter. "She's the reason why young men leave home. Give me the gen on her Karen. You always know everybody in this town!"

"You're probably talking of Simone Chatelet," Karen said, without raising her eyes. "You'd find her difficult to really know."

"Simone? Well, who is she? What proud land gave her birth? Why is she in Hapsfield, and how does she manage to look as if the Rue de la Paix were still the Rue de la Paix?"

"Probably looks like that because she doesn't want to be hurt. I suppose there is some excuse for her," she went on. "She has been hurt an awful lot already. She'd been only three weeks married when her husband was killed at Dunkirk. Then she was a warden in the London blitz. Pulled people out of places, you know. One was her sister—dead when Simone got her out. Now Simone is in the Ministry, and came to Hapsfield when they evacuated here. That's her boss she is with—Cecil Harker. People say he is going to marry her!"

a well-cushioned defence against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," said the Squadron-Leader, almost gently. "But is the lady willing?"

"I expect anybody would be when he's as rich as he is," said Karen. "Besides, Simone isn't very young—she must be twenty-nine at least. Mr. Harker's quite the nice, bluff, hearty type, you know. I'm a little bit disappointed in Simone. She has gone so hard. Sorrow ought to soften you, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; yes, of course!" said the Squadron-Leader. "Well, anyway, she doesn't seem to be exactly up our street," broke in Sam. "Dance, Karen?"

She and Sam joined the rest of the dancers. The room was full. Once Hapsfield had been just a pleasant provincial town. The Ministry and the R.A.F. between them had given it a sophisticated, London atmosphere.

Squadron-Leader Danny Ballantyne looked away to the girl that they had been discussing. Her companion, big and almost irritatingly cheerful, wore about the only boiled shirt in the room. Karen hadn't said enough about her, he thought. She was not for the taste of boys. She was vintage, rare, the delight of a connoisseur.

Now Boiled Shirt was obviously suggesting dancing, for he had risen. Suddenly Danny rose, too. He skirted the dancers and reached the other side of the hall. Harker turned at the sight of him. Danny held out his hand to the girl, his face beaming.

"Simone!" he said. "After all this time!"

She faltered. He turned to Harker.

"Please do excuse me, sir—I'm Danny Ballantyne. Simone may have mentioned me. We met each other in the London blitz. Do you mind awfully if she has this dance with me? I shall have to leave in a minute, and there's an awful lot I want to say to her."

The ways of the R.A.F. are wild ways, he was telling himself, and he was getting away with them. He had taken Simone's hand, and now his arm was about her waist. She had not protested, though a clear rose flush could be seen on the magnolia whiteness of her cheeks. He drew her on to the dance floor. It had happened in less than a minute. The man in the boiled shirt was left gaping. Danny could feel Simone's body stiffen. Then she spoke in a low, furious voice—

"Well, what do you think you are playing at? Or has the R.A.F. some sort of priority?"

"I suppose I did seem a bit precipitate. Sorry! Still you're here, and that was what I am aiming at!"

"You forced my hand. Unless I had made a scene I had to come.

You know perfectly well I have never met you! I noticed you with Karen Atwood's party. I suppose you got my name from her. Now will you please take me back to my friend?"

Danny said nothing for a second. Then he spoke again, in a different voice.

"Do you know what Karen called you? She has a certain amount of perspicacity! She said you were the girl that didn't want to be hurt!"

That got her. He felt the tiny tremor that went through her.

"She called me that?"

"It's true, isn't it? I saw it on your face. I recognised the signs, because, you see, I'm that way myself. I, too, don't mean to be hurt!"

She glanced at the wings on his tunic.

"But—" she began, before she could stop herself.

"Oh, my body—yes, I agree! Quite a lot of things might happen to my body, but I mean to keep my mind inviolable, intact. It has been hurt enough already in all sorts of different ways. So has yours. Well, we're both bent on immunising ourselves. We've had enough! We are not going to bang ourselves up against things, and shout out when they hit us. We've got to strengthen each other's resolution. Your friend—that's what you called him, you remember—has come to his senses again and is glaring. I'll take you back to him. When do we meet again?"

She looked at him and said nothing, but her lips were a little parted.

"The American bar of Prince's

Hotel," he said. "To-morrow at twelve-thirty."

"I have a previous engagement."

"I shall be there, all the same, and the day after to-morrow, and the day after that, until my fourteen days' leave is over. They go pretty quickly, fourteen days! Here is your pal again. Thank you so much for lending her to me, sir. Au revoir, Simone!"

She was not in the American bar of Prince's the first day, nor the second, but on the third she came. He led her to a corner comfortably apart from the rest of the room.

"They still have sherry," he said. "Or would tea be better?"

"Much better."

They sat in silence for a little. Then he looked at her, a long, careful look.

"Simone, we've got to ask each other things," he said. "You first. What do you want to know about me? I'll come clean!"

"If I said—nothing?"

"It wouldn't be true, would it?"

"No," she answered, "it wouldn't be true!"

She had decided to relax. She went on with a soft rush of words, her voice curiously young and vulnerable.

"I've been thinking of what you said—of not getting hurt! You're right—it makes you lonely. I never imagined anybody else feeling that way. I suppose it was pretty egotistical to think that I was the only one. You know of the things that happened to me—you said so. But you—I don't know anything about you!"

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George Uses His Head

By...
STANLEY DISNEY

Private McKeller was a strategy expert — he knew just how to deal with anyone from a high-ranking officer to a pretty girl.

BEFORE we were drafted into A Battery we all had G.I. haircuts, a comfortable, hygienic style, but very severe and ugly to look at.

There was one exception, George, whose long hair cascaded from the forehead to the back of the neck. He was much envied, and we wondered how he did it until one evening the sergeant tells us to go to the barber's shop, routine like.

We all just took what was coming to us. Not so George. He walks toward the chair, smiles, and hands the barber a dollar before sitting down.

"That is for you, pal," he says. "Take it easy with the scissors."

I am curious. With me, hair comes a lot easier than dollars.

"A buck tip for a forty-cent haircut is pretty steep, eh, chum?" I ask.

"Not if you use your head, like I do," George says. "Wait till that dance Saturday, and you will see it pays to look like a human being."

This party is what they call a stamp dance. You have to buy a stamp or a War Bond from a girl before she will dance with you. I notice that, while some of the girls try to sell me stamps, they work strictly on a patriotic basis, but they all give George plenty of personal attention and keep calling him "Curly" and names like that.

"What did I tell you about using my head when I give that barber a buck?" George says to me at the intermission. "Long hair is so rare, these babies all go for it."

I am not paying much attention to George, but am paying a lot of attention to a sweet little girl alongside. I look at her and I know whom I want to buy my next stamp from. But George sees her, too. And he is ahead of me.

"Is anything the matter, miss?"

he asks. "If anyone is bothering you, point him out, and Bub and I will reason with the party concerned."

"Thank you most kindly," she says. She gives her handkerchief a twist. "I am ready to cry because I feel I am not doing my bit and selling enough stamps and bonds."

I am in an unfinancial condition and cannot buy any bonds. But George, he has already collected A Battery's dice money, and last night he started on B Battery. He brightens and moves right in. He shoves an arm round her and guides her toward the floor.

"Your troubles are over, honey baby," he says. "I got about three hundred bucks with me, and it all goes to buy bonds from you. Just figure how I can split that up and get your dances the rest of the evening."

"Will you, Curly?" she asks, with a smile. "That will sure be super-duper."

It makes quite a stir when a soldier buys all those bonds. And a white-haired guy with a chin brush, who turns out to be this little stuff's old man, stops the dance so everyone can applaud for George. He says he thinks it a very fine display of patriotism when a soldier puts out all that money to buy bonds, which is as much as he will earn in half a year as a private.

"Good-night, Curly," I hear this sweet girl say to George when the dance breaks up. "You must come to our house dance next Saturday. Your hair is too super-cute, and it will make my girl friend furious, as her boy friend has one of those haircuts that do not leave any hair. And I think it too utterly precious of the general not to make you cut your hair like the rest of the boys."

"What is that about the general?" I ask George casually, as we stroll off together.

"Oh, that!" He gives a nervous

laugh. "That is just social camouflage. Like buying those bonds. I want to make a hit; and I do. Monday I cash the bonds in and no one is the wiser. That way I will have a roll for using the old head!"

"You better save your head for hat-hanging purposes," I say. "You are not going to cash those bonds in Monday. Maybe you do not notice, but there is fine print on the bond which says it cannot be cashed in for sixty days."

George does not believe me at first. And when I point the clause out to him, he is really something to hear.

"The cutting of hair in the barracks is forbidden.—(Signed) R. A. Pullen, Capt., F. A., Commanding Officer."

George studies this sign on the bulletin board a long time.

"I got it," he says. "I will rig up a barber shop in the washroom. I will name it 'The Tonsorial Parlor, Barbering for the Elite.' Figalucci tells me he is a barber. I will get him to do the haircutting while I do the promoting. We can't miss. I must have dough by Saturday."

Figalucci is hard to sell on this proposition because of the notice, until George agrees to take all the blame and to keep a lookout for officers while Figalucci operates.

Figalucci drags a foot locker into the washroom, snips his scissors, and is open for business. And there is plenty of business. The money rolls in, and on Wednesday night George shows me his share alone has mounted up to over twelve bucks.

"Now I will have dough enough to go to that party," he says. "How is that for using the old head?"

We make for the washroom. He grabs my arm, stops me. Usually the noisiest part of the barracks, it is now strangely silent. We peek in.

The officer of the day is inside. Figalucci is trying to stand at attention and to keep a pair of scissors hidden behind him at the same time. There is a blanket of loose hair on the floor.

"I will report this matter to your company commander for disciplinary action immediately," the O.D. says.

George and I wander softly away and do not return until the coast is clear. Figalucci is just sweeping up the last of the hair. George goes up to him and punches him playfully on the shoulder.

"Well, they caught us. Heh-heh," George says. "Such things happen in the best of armies. But do not worry. You won't get more than three or four days K.P. And you can do that standing on your head."

Figalucci keeps on sweeping up the hair.

"You are not mad, are you?" George asks. "I would have taken the rap if I was here, like I said I would. The C.O. won't be very hard, so don't worry."

"I am not worried," Figalucci says. He speaks very slow, and he does not look at George. "You know that O.D. is not from our company. And it is a funny thing, but for some reason he thinks my name is George McKeller. And I cannot



George snipped the scissors a couple of times, his eyes wild and glassy.

understand why it is, unless it is because he has one of those cards you pass out, and on which you put your name and do not put my name."

It takes a second for this to sink in.

"What?" George yelps.

"I am sorry, but he makes that mistake," Figalucci is most pensive.

Sure enough, the next morning George's name is posted for K.P. until further notice.

"Watch me use my head and get out of this somehow," he says to me before he leaves for the kitchen.

But he is still in the kitchen when I go to the mess hall for lunch.

"Please see that wire is sent off right away, Bub," he says briskly as he hands me my stew.

Before I can think to ask him what about the money to pay for this wire, he asks me to kindly step along and not to block the line.

At the table I read the note. It is a message to this sweet fluff I mentioned. It says, "Sorry, but important military duties prevent my seeing you this week-end. Will write. Regards. George McKeller."

Please turn to page 24

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BUBBLES... AT THE MASSAGE ROOMS

BUT THIS ISN'T MY CUBICLE—THESE AREN'T MY CLOTHES. I WOULDN'T WEAR SHABBY UNDIES LIKE THOSE

OH I MOVED YOUR THINGS TO THE MASSAGE ROOM WHILE YOU WERE SHOWERING...

BUBBLES... WAS MY FACE RED? I WAS ASHAMED TO GO BACK TO THAT CUBICLE AND LET EVERYONE KNOW THOSE UNDIES WERE MINE

BUT SURELY THEY'RE NOT AS BAD AS THAT!

FRAID SO. MY UNDIES SEEM TO WEAR SHABBY IN NO TIME. JUST MY BAD LUCK, I SUPPOSE

BAD MANAGEMENT, HONEY. YOU SHOULD LUX 'EM TO MAKE 'EM LAST. LISTEN...

IT'S PERSPIRATION LEFT IN UNDIES OVERNIGHT THAT WEARS THEM OUT AND MAKES THEM SHABBY. A LUX DIP AT BEDTIME WHISKS OUT THE DAY'S PERSPIRATION—KEEPS UNDIES FRESH AND NEW-LOOKING.

JOAN TOOK THE HINT AND...

TWO MONTHS LATER

WHAT BEAUTIFUL UNDIES, MRS. KING

I BOUGHT THEM TO CELEBRATE GETTING DOWN MY HIPS, AND I'M KEEPING THEM BEAUTIFUL WITH A NIGHTLY LUX DIP!

MURDER BY DEGREES

By KELLEY ROOS

OTIS BLOCK, "invalid" curio collector, is murdered in his room at MRS. GIRARD'S boarding-house. Other boarders include LEWIS SIMONS, retired professor; GINNY BROWN, young student - waitress; KAY ABBOTT, librarian, whose husband is on active service; VINCENT CHARLES, student; sophisticated LYDIA VERLAINE; and PAUL COLLINS, a recent arrival.

HALLA TROY, a temporary boarder awaiting the arrival home of her husband, JEFF, found Kay in Block's room after the murder, but refrains from disclosing this at Kay's urgent request. With Ginny and Mrs. Girard, Halla testifies to LIEUTENANT - DETECTIVE HENLEY that Professor Simons came down from Block's room just after he must have been murdered, but cross-examination shows that this was someone masquerading as the Professor.

In the midst of Henley's inquiry, CONSTABLE MOTT announces to him that Collins, who had gone to his room ostensibly for cigarettes, has disappeared.

Now read on—

HENLEY whirled round upon the constable, frowning heavily. "How did Collins get out of his room?" he demanded.

"Fire escape. The window's still open," the constable replied.

"All right!" Henley's calm had broken. "Call headquarters. Get a description of him broadcast. Get going!" He stomped across the room and planted himself in front of our landlady. "Mrs. Girard, what do you know about Collins?"

The landlady swallowed convulsively. "He—he's only been here for three weeks. I don't know anything about him, really! He was very reserved, very close-mouthed!"

Then she smiled maliciously. "But I'm sure Miss Verlaime could tell us a lot about him."

Lydia shot her a resentful glance. "I knew him only slightly, Mr. Henley. When he came here he was unhappy and lonesome and—"

"And very good-looking!" Mrs. Girard said.

Lydia shrugged. "I made a point of being friendly with him. But, actually, I never learned a thing about him."

"Okay, Miss Verlaime," Henley said wearily. "You and I will take this up later. Listen, everybody! Get this! The killer intended that Simons should be blamed for the murder. Now, you people here in this room—and Collins—are the only ones who know that we've seen through his plan. In the event, slight as it is, that the killer is not one of you, he doesn't know that we've guessed him. That gives us a strategic advantage. So I want you all to keep your mouths shut. I'll take care of the newspapers. Get it? Keep your lips buttoned."

"Okay, that's all for just now. But stick round! And don't try to pull a Collins. . . . You can go now, except Mr. and Mrs. Troy. I'd like to talk to you."

Mrs. Girard and her boarders trooped silently out of the parlor.

"Troy," Henley said, "I've heard about you. The boys down at Headquarters say you're a handy man in a murder case. Now, if you moved in with your wife, you could be round this house twenty-four hours a day. The people wouldn't be on guard with you as they are with us cops and you might—"

"Wait a minute!" I said. "I don't

mind Jeff helping catch killers—I'm against killers! But I've been looking forward to going home for days! Mr. Henley, couldn't Jeff work from there?"

Henley grinned at me with cheerful malevolence. "You can't go home, Mrs. Troy. You are a material witness. I'm holding you here."

"This is a frame-up!" I yelled.

"Jeff, don't let him do this!"

"I'm powerless," Jeff said.

"You want to stay here; you don't want to go home! I've worked and slaved to make a nice home for you and— Oh, well, all right; I'll stay."

"Thanks so much, Mrs. Troy," Henley said with mock gratitude.

"You better solve this case in a hurry!" I threatened. "I'm homesick."

"Let's get started, then," Jeff said. "Show me where Kay Abbott lives. I'd like to talk to her."

"Why her especially?" Henley asked.

"She's so cute," was all my charming husband would say. . . .

We stopped at the second floor and I knocked on Kay Abbott's door. It opened at once, but only a few scant inches, so that Kay's white, strained face was visible.

"What is it, Halla?" she asked.

"Kay," I said, "this is Jeff."

She merely nodded.

"Could we talk to you a minute?" Jeff asked.

The door inched open a bit more, but instead of beckoning us in, Kay slipped out into the hall. "What is it?" she asked.

"It's this," Jeff said. "Why did you want the discovery of the murder delayed, Kay?"

She looked at me, then back at Jeff. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Kay," I said, "Jeff means when I found you up in Block's apartment."

Very carefully, her eyes unwavering, she said, "Halla, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"I see," Jeff said. "Halla imagined all that. You weren't even in Block's apartment when Halla discovered the body, were you?"

"I was under the impression," Kay said, "that Ginny discovered the body."

"Kay!" I shouted. "What are you—?"

"Halla," Jeff was gravely reproving. "It's your story against Kay's. If the police questioned Kay, if they even used bright lights and rubber hoses, I imagine she would say that you must have had a hallucination up at Block's. Wouldn't you, Kay?"

For just a second her eyes flashed fright at us. Then she was steady and cold as a sphinx again. "I would tell the truth. And if they chose to believe Halla's story—"

"You know they'll believe Halla's story," Jeff said gently. "Look, Kay. We want to help you."

"I don't need any help. But thanks, anyway."

The door closed and the bolt clicked in the lock.

Jeff frowned thoughtfully, then motioned me up the stairs. "Show me to our room, Halla. . . ."

I hadn't meant to fall asleep. When Jeff came back from picking up his suitcase at the studio, I had wanted to be bright and cheerful and to forget the murder for a moment, and be a wife asking a husband beautifully prosaic questions about a trip: Did he enjoy himself? Did he get enough to eat? Did he miss me?

But exhaustion, more mental than physical, had swept me off my feet.



It was the noise of the door closing that awakened me. I sat up, and I saw Jeff's scrawny old valise on the maple chair, but no Jeff. He had gone out again.

In my stockinged feet I padded hurriedly into the hall after him. But I was too late; he was out of sight. I had turned to go back when I heard the scraping noise on the ceiling. Old Block's door at the head of the stairs was shut, not a glimmer of light escaped through its frame, yet I knew at once where my husband could be found.

I ran up the stairs and opened the door. The room was quiet and very dark. I said, "Jeff," softly.

Before he had a chance to answer me I saw him. Through one window at the far side of the room a thin glow filtered from the city outside, just enough to outline Jeff's figure as he leaned back against the window frame. I called again, and began to feel my way toward him.

He stopped me. His hand shot up in a warning, quieting gesture that froze me in my tracks. I stood bewildered a moment before I understood. There would be a reason why Jeff was waiting motionless, silent, in a blackened room. There would be one reason, no other. We were not alone. Someone else had returned to the scene of the crime.

Suddenly, even with Jeff so close to me, I was frightened. The empty darkness that surrounded me was alive with danger, from every side I started moving backward, sliding my feet slowly over the thick carpet, making sweeping circles with my hands to tell me if my way was clear.

At last my back touched solid wall and I shrank up against it gratefully. Now no one could creep up

"I just don't want to show you this dress," Lydia told the landlady stubbornly.

from behind me, and in front of me—well, in front of me there was Jeff.

He had stepped away from the window, and as he stretched out his hand to grope his way through the deep shadows the phosphorescent numerals on his wrist-watch blazed out. I watched the tiny flare as he moved noiselessly along the far wall toward a small alcove at the end. Then it was gone as he turned out of my view.

After that I waited, quietly, endlessly. Once there was the sound of movement from the alcove, but it came only briefly and was gone. The house was so utterly still that my own breathing sounded loud and labored. I felt completely, desolately alone in this sea of blackness. If I hadn't seen Jeff, if the hands on his watch hadn't identified him for me. . . .

TERROR swarmed up inside me, for in that instant I knew that it had not been Jeff outlined against that window. It was not Jeff who had silenced me with a warning hand. Jeff's watch was on the bureau downstairs in our room. He had taken it off to wash, and had not put it back on. I should have remembered; I should have known.

So Jeff was not in this apartment at all; there were only the two of us waiting here—Block's murderer and I.

I began easing myself along the wall toward where I hoped the door would be. If I could reach it, soundlessly, while the man was still in the alcove. . . .

My fingers touched a knob, a small,

carved one, the knob of a partly open drawer. They moved along the wall, past a shelf of books, a picture, more smooth wall. They felt a crack in it at last, then the evenness of painted wood. And then they fastened on the doorknob.

I put both hands upon it, and turned it. With a lurch I swung open the door and half ran, half stumbled, down the narrow stairs.

Jeff stood in the centre of our room blithely punching a pillow into its case. "That landlady of ours," he said, "is hardly an obliging soul. Getting an extra pillow out of her is like—"

"Jeff," I said.

He looked at me. "What's happened?"

I told him that I had just completed a blind date with a murderer.

He dropped the pillow to the floor. "You stay here," he said.

"Alone?" I asked.

I chased up the stairs after him. I stayed at his elbow as he reconnoitred through Block's living-room, the bedroom, the bath.

The place, of course, was empty. The man with the glowing wrist-watch was gone, but evidence of his visit was all about us. The place had been ransacked with a thoroughness that was devastating. Every closet, every drawer had been turned inside out, each book had been rifled through, each picture inspected.

In the bedroom, French windows that led to a tiny terrace stood open. Conveniently close to them was the fire escape.

Please turn to page 15

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I DREAM OF BULLETS

By CHARLES SAINT

L YING flat behind a log, I am waiting for this dirty little Jap to have another shot at me.

The ground is muddy and it sucks lecherously at my bare arms. I am thinking that, if, in my youth, I had been more of a nature lover, I would have seen how the rabbits dig into the earth. I am huddled up close to the log, on which there is some brownish fungi that touches my cheek like cold fingers.

My mind is whipping about like a snake with a broken back. It tries very hard to wrap me up a solution. I feel sorry for it.

I watch the blood trickling slowly down my arm from the wound in my shoulder where this little cinder from the Rising Sun got me with his first bullet.

I lift my tin hat on a stick. His bullet goes "zing" right across the top of it, and sears the camouflage netting so that it folds back like the skin of a split orange.

In a restricted way I look round me.

Nature does not know that two of its parasites are stalking one another. Nature goes on wagging the leaves in her trees, shaking drips of water, invisibly surging with life on a scale so large that you must be quick to catch even a faint glimpse of it. Nature annoys me.

I wonder again just in which tree this part of the Greater East Asia Plan is sniping for me.

I hear a bullet thud into the log beside me. It is a good log. It takes the bullet and spits out a few sodden, water-impregnated chips, like a man losing teeth in a fight.

My mind says to me hopefully: "If you can just divert his attention for a moment you could possibly get to that other hollow log, squirm through it, and come out in the jungle off the track."

"So," I say to my mind, "you have been handed down to me from Houdini, eh? And maybe you think you are Einstein, too? Divert his attention, indeed. What shall I do? Get up and recite: 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank. Here will we sit and let the sounds of music creep in our ears.' You know that all I have to do is breathe one ounce more air than I am doing, and he'll burn a lump of flesh from off my back!"

My mind throws its cloak over its left shoulder and says: "I was only trying to help," and turns and goes deep into the realms of its subconscious, and sits and sulks.

It was no good to me, anyhow.

I hurl my tin hat in the air and, with a mighty whoop, and like I once saw a great goanna do it, I flip through the mud, using elbows and knees like amphibious appendages.

I am lying in the deep darkness of the jungle, breathing hard, and I have another piece of Japanese

scrap iron through the same shoulder. I am like a child on its mother's bosom. I feel that I never want to leave this lovely wet concealment.

I have lost my rifle, which is bad. I only have a knife and two grenades left. I think it is time I looked for the Jap, so I wriggle about.

I find that one of the reasons he did not get a good shot at me was because he must have been coming down the tree to stalk me. I see him on the ground. I slowly circle round behind him. He is bending over peering cautiously through the undergrowth at where he imagines I now am. I have an irresistible impulse to kick him.

I do this. When he gets up, someone, and I figure it must be me, says: "Mr. Tojo, I presume?" He doesn't seem to catch on, and the episode ends with me eliminating him.

He is an N.C.O. and, strangely, still has his epaulettes. I tear one off, then I search him for papers. He has little of interest except some nasty photographs, which I leave with him. I go back and collect my rifle and haversack (small), and proceed on my way.

My destination (or objective, as the Army called it) is the enemy encampment. Its exact location I am not sure of, but I know it can't be far now, for the sniper must have been one of its outposts. I have "had" the track, so I snoop off it into the jungle. This slows up my progress. I have never before met up with so many things that have no eyes, yet grab at me with long, prickly, tentacle-like fingers. It reminds me of a nightmare I once had. Only the nightmare was more interesting and less annoying.

I find this enemy encampment. It is not at all like the little celluloid pin that they have to depict it on the Intelligence Map at H.Q. I peer at it from the side of a hill, which nature pushes down in a steep slope to the river. I amble down the hill and take up a viewpoint near the river.

There are some Japs washing their clothes in the stream. Some haven't anything on, and some have a bit of a white loincloth. I am wondering why they all look as though they have been in the shafts of a milk-cart for years. Their ribs stick out, and I am thinking that if they were not all so miserable and hungry-looking they would not go round flapping the Rising Sun, committing hara-kiri, and crying "Banzai!"

They are all so like each other, and like all the other Japs I have seen, that I think that when they get up I will see stamped on the seat of their pants, or anything else they are wearing, or on the places where they should be wearing it but are not, "Made in Japan!"

I take out my notebook and start making some notes and sketches.

It is a nice little place, so I look in for the night. The Army told me to, anyhow.

Next morning I meditate over a cold chunk of bully beef, and elaborate on my notes and sketches. I am getting a lovely collection of these.

I flip through my notebook and look at these notes and sketches. For the first time since I invaded it, my mind speaks to me again: "Haven't you," it says, "done enough? I think it is time that we got out of this place."

"Quiet, you!" I snarl, and, taking out my pencil again, I get some stunning details about two gun positions.

After a while I decide that I have so much "dope" about this encampment that I could go down and sell it to the head man there without any trouble. I give a last look round the encampment, and throw a final glance at the Japs, who are again by the cool, musical little stream.

I get up and turn round. And there, about ten yards away, looking at me, with his face framed between



A hungry-looking lot, he thought, peering at the Japanese.

his two arms, which he has raised up to push vines and low branches aside, is a Son of the Empire. He looks at me, and he is like the preliminary bout in the Darwin theory. His mouth is half open, and he is as surprised as I am.

"How do you do?" I say, politely enough, breaking an awkward silence. In the circumstances this is all I can think of to say, not having read many travel books, which give you pointers on how to ease yourself out of these situations. I try to think up something else to say to him. My mind stops sulking, and desperately presents me with all sorts of headings, such as: "What Part Are You and Your Family Going to Play in the Greater Asian Post-war Period?" "Is it True that the Liberated Peoples Rejoice and Present You with Gifts?" and "How Does Japan Intend to Develop Iceland?"

BEFORE I can exploit any of these promising remarks, however, he yells, and chatters, and I think what an ugly face it is that gets round on his neck, and if I were his neck I wouldn't stand for it. Then I get to him, and make him a figure that one of his confrere clerks will soon be ticking off on the casualty lists.

In my youth when I am home, at my sweet little home in the country, I sometimes, when having nothing to do, rub my feet across the big, gravelly ant nests. The quiet, orderly, outward surface of the nests is then transformed into a seething, eye-filling mass, as the ants come tumbling out to see the cause of the disturbance. This happens now in the encampment. I hold my breath, then let it go and suck in a lot more greedily, as I think that I may not be getting much more of it.

A dozen of the little yellow carbon copies discover me simultaneously. I take to the hoof. I am like an odd figure in a dance, and the accompaniment is shouts and cries, and cracks and bangs, and the whine of bullets. A grenade spatters me with mud, and a piece of it lovingly picks its initial in my thigh. A bullet kisses me hotly on the side of the neck, and some blood of mine looks out surprised on a strange, new world. A Japanese officer is seemingly keen to wipe his sword on me.

They are all jumping about and crying out. They are like little, yellow, ugly chattering toys, being pulled about on strings.

They are crying out:—
"Banzai! Banzai!"
"Bushido!"
"Death is like a feather!"
"Bushido, I come to thee!"

And something else that sounds like, but isn't, of course, "Honorable white scum!"

In the excitement one or two of them get in the way of their own bullets, and one, very commendably and excitedly, finds an excuse to commit hara-kiri with a grenade.

"Banzai! Banzai!" they continue to cry.

"Fiddle-oo to you," I say, and hoof it with even greater directness, squirting the mud from beneath my heels.

When I first hear this talk about the muzzle velocity of a rifle bullet being 2240 ft. per sec. I say: "Phew! That's fast—that's travelling." And the sergeant grins and says: "Don't worry; if one hits you you won't see it." But now I pass several bullets, and to me they all seem to be going very slow.

I don't stop till I get back to H.Q., and stand panting and breathless before the captain's table.

I have lots of old and new blood and sweat and whisker bristles on me, and my clothes look as if I have spent my leave in a chaffcutter.

"Well," says the captain. "Well, Sergeant, what's the matter with you, eh? Where have you been, eh? Some little escapade or other, eh?" And he chuckles throatily like an old rusty poker-machine when someone has cracked the jackpot.

"I have been to the enemy encampment at 462000, sir," I say, "for information as requested by this H.Q., sir," I say.

"Ah," says the captain, and I think that if I am his dentist I would have a couple of those teeth out. "Wait a moment, Sergeant," he says, and

he gets down a file of messages, and thumbs through them; finally he stops at one and says: "Ah, that's right. 'From Boio to Colo. Sergeant Boyce will proceed to environs of enemy encampment at 462000, and endeavor to obtain the following information — Well, now, Sergeant, what do you know, eh? I will get a pencil.'"

"It is all in this little book, sir," I say.

"In this little, slim volume, eh?" he says. "My, what a pretty little book."

He thumbs through the book. "Nice work, Sergeant," he says. "Good work. Should get a few weeks' leave out of this. Bet that pleases you, eh?" A grin splits open across his face, and his face, painfully, reels and writhes and squirms round it—the way faces do round grins.

I stand rigidly to attention, and look at a point as far away as I can see on the distant horizon; which is a tree, about eight inches in front of me.

"My eye," I say, "it pleases me. It is a discharge that would please me. I and the war is too rough, and I get hurt too much. A discharge is something I look forward to with some degree of pleasurable anticipation."

"My," he says. "What a mouthful, eh?" He throws me another grin, which slips off me like mercury on glass. "But not much chance of that, eh, Sergeant? Not yet for a while, eh?"

He chuckles like pennies falling down the metal grilles of street gratings.

I go to the R.A.P., and get some bandages.

I have a wash, and think of this Bushido, that the Japs talk about.

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S.A. 5DN-RM at 8 p.m.
W.A. 6PR-TZ at 8 p.m.
TAS. 7LA, 8 p.m.; 7HO, 7.30 p.m.

First Australian servicewomen in Solomons



WOUNDED in both legs by machine-gun fire on Bougainville, Gunner A. D. King (Dimboola, Vic.), is given some beef tea by Sister Rosalind Lewin (Bunbury, W.A.). Pte. D. M. Ingrouille (Caulfield, Vic.) in background.

Nurses and Aamws work at army hospital

From Our Special Correspondent

A momentous event occurred on Bougainville Island (Solomons) early this year.

Twenty-two white women arrived. They were the first Australian servicewomen to set foot on Bougainville — Army nurses, vanguard of the staff of a famous Australian General Hospital.

JUST how momentous was their arrival can be judged by the fact that there is a notice on the island in an American sergeants' mess which reads:

"On May 12, 1944, a white woman ate here."

The notice referred to the visit of film star Carole Landis, a notable event on an island where the only whites at that time were males. Australian troops read the notice when they arrived on Bougainville, at the end of last year.

To-day the smart grey uniform of the Australian Army Nursing Service, familiar sight to men who served in the Middle East, Malaya, and New Guinea, appears on a new jungle battlefield.

The original 22 sisters on Bougainville have been joined by many more and by members of the Australian Army Medical Women's Service.

The hospital in which they are serving was the first Australian General Hospital established at the beginning of the war.

It has been set up in Palestine, Australia, New Guinea, and now in the Solomons.

Some of the sisters who went away with this hospital to the Middle East in January, 1940, are on Bougainville to-day.

Others on the staff served in the

Malayan campaign, were among the last to leave Singapore.

But the majority of sisters are on their first tour of duty outside Australia.

Their new tropical base is set in a large cleared area with towering trees and the vivid green palms and ferns of the jungle.

To this base came men sick, wounded, and battle-weary from the swamps and back-breaking trails where this bitter campaign is being waged, to be cared for by these Australian girls, whose gentle touch and sunny smiles do so much to relieve pain and raise spirits.

In charge of the nurses at Bougainville is Matron Marie Hurley, of Quirindi (N.S.W.).

Matron Hurley began her service in Malaya in 1941, and was in Singapore with the 13th Australian General Hospital. She managed to escape from Singapore, but not from Jap bombs.

Her ship was pursued by planes and hit, but Matron Hurley got through safely to Australia. After serving at Goulburn she went to New Guinea, then to Bougainville.

Among the veteran sisters with her on the island are:

Sister Terry Cunningham, of Sydney, one of the original members of

PENICILLIN being administered intra-muscularly to Cpl. H. E. Wilson (Dalby, Qld.), by Sister Drover (Strathfield, N.S.W.).

the hospital, who is in her sixth year of service.

Sister Naomi Drover, of Strathfield (N.S.W.), who served in Malaya.

Sister Margaret Rose McEntee, of Killara (N.S.W.), who has been in the Service for five years and has been in the Middle East and New Guinea.

Sisters Merle Duffield and Muriel Allen, both of Brisbane, who enlisted together five years ago and have seen duty in Palestine, Western Australia, and Port Moresby.

Sister Phyl Morey, of Tumbarumba (N.S.W.), whose four and a half years' service includes duty in the Middle East and New Guinea.

Several sisters have seen service at Darwin. They include Sisters Mary Kiel, of Wagga (N.S.W.), who was there for 14 months; Ruth Vearing, of Dubbo (N.S.W.), and Elsie Williams, of Cessnock (N.S.W.).

On their arrival at Bougainville the sisters lost no time in converting the bare administrative buildings, wards, and living quarters into pleasant, cheerful surroundings.

Flowers were gathered from gardens established on the island during the Americans' occupancy, and were used to brighten wards and messrooms.

In the sisters' mess birds' nest ferns hang above gaily colored wicker furniture and cushions.

The Aamws relax in a recreation hall made cool and attractive by draped white and yellow parachutes of the type used for dropping supplies to front-line troops.

Assisted by blue-trousered patients well on their way to recovery, the nurses have prepared dozen of garden beds.

The soil on the island is fertile, and already balsams and zinnias provide splashes of color that hint at the coming transformation of bare hospital grounds into blossoming gardens.



MATRON of an Australian General Hospital on Bougainville, Matron Marie Hurley (Quirindi, N.S.W.), with some of her six pet kittens, all of which hold rank, from private to captain. An engaging personality has made her popular with staff and patients.



ARMY NURSES at mess on Bougainville. They are the first Australian servicewomen to go to the island. Aamws act as mess stewards.



MEMBERS OF THE A.A.M.W.S. at the hospital write home, sing, play table games in their attractively decorated recreation-room.

Editorial

MARCH 31, 1945

AUSTRALIA'S GREAT TASK

AUSTRALIAN forces are doing some hard fighting in Bougainville, New Britain, and New Guinea.

The term "mopping up" that has been applied to these operations has led to bitter feeling.

It minimises the strenuousness of these campaigns and makes them sound like a series of small local forays.

In actual fact, the Japanese have proved themselves determined adversaries, making the most of the supplies and materials they have on hand.

Australian lads are struggling and dying under desperately adverse conditions of climate and terrain.

Every day they are performing deeds of heroism.

Even though the A.I.F. is not, for the time being, in the places where world headlines are being made, it is keeping up the great Australian military tradition.

It is up to Australians on the home front to show that they, too, are unflinching in the fulfilment of their task.

Victory, though certain, is still not just round the corner.

It must be fought for and suffered for and died for.

In the final stages of the war the Allies are pouring forth men, money, and material more prodigally than ever before.

The Third Victory Loan, which is now in its third week, needs the support of every Australian.

By helping to fill it, each man, woman, and child can play an important and personal part in bringing back peace to a sorely shattered world.

Fifth wartime Easter is blessed by hopes of peace

This is our sixth wartime Easter. Victory is in sight in Europe and the Pacific, so it is reasonable to hope that it will be our last.

The Easters of the past four years have mirrored the fluctuating fortunes of war. Looking back, each one represents a milestone on the long road to victory.

Easter, 1940
IN Easter, 1940, the war was still a novelty. In 1941, Easter news was sobering.

By Easter, 1942, the war had become grim reality all round the world. Twelve months later we knew we had come safely through, and Easter 1944 found us planning the peace.

Here are some of the pictures conjured up by Easter memories:

Easter, 1940

ALTHOUGH it was our first wartime Easter, it was a gay one in the pre-war style of unrestricted holiday travel, parties, and gigantic chocolate eggs for the kids.

A million Hot Cross buns were eaten in one capital city alone, and 33,044 people, many from interstate, attended the opening of the Royal Show in Sydney.

There was little war news, and having recovered from the shock of Hitler's conquest of Poland, people talked of a "phony" war.

The first contingent of the A.I.F. had arrived in Egypt and Palestine.

Launching of the first War Loan resulted in half the total of £16,000,000 being taken up in one day.

In Europe, Russia was invading Finland, Prime Minister Mr. Chamberlain was being attacked for not sending aid to Finland, Mr. Churchill was describing Exeter's part in the Battle of the River Plate as the "only flash of light and color in an otherwise drab war," and Hitler and Mussolini were meeting at the Brenner Pass.

At the Royal Easter Show in Sydney a small boy was asking Corporal H. Martin at the R.A.A.F. display if the small 'chute which opens out the parachute was there for the birds to ride on.

Easter, 1941

AT Tobruk the gallant Ninth Division was beating off Rommel's elite Afrika Korps, and in the famous Easter battle repulsed a full-scale attack.

In Britain many men, women, and children were killed by air raids in the early hours of Good Friday. In

the streets motor horns were banned and no sound of any kind allowed lest they crown the wail of air-raid sirens.

The A.I.F. landed in Greece, and Japan was signing a five-year neutrality pact with Russia.

Almost abandoned because of the war, the Royal Easter Empire Show opened on April 7. Military, naval, and air pageants vied for popularity with bathing beauties, who splashed and swam in a glass pool in a Temple of Beauty.

Portion of damaged funnel from H.M.A.S. Sydney's battle with Bartolomeo Colleoni was on display.



THE EASTER SYMBOL on the battlefield. An Australian infantryman on Bougainville carries a cross hewn from rough forest timber to mark the burial place of a comrade killed in action. —Australian Official photo.

Easter, 1942

AUSTRALIA was facing invasion. Singapore had been captured, and with it the Eighth Division; the Java Sea battle lost, the American defence crumbling in the Philippines.

The Japanese were advancing overland toward Port Moresby, the A.I.F. and Militia were in action in Rabaul, and on Good Friday Darwin was raided for the 11th time.

Easter Monday became an ordinary working day, with wartime restrictions on racing, no Royal Es-

ter Show for Sydney, and no big sporting fixtures. There were no excursion trains, no petrol for private boats, or country trippings.

Beaches were barricaded with barbed-wire, buildings sand-bagged, windows boarded up, air-raid sirens tested, and wardens warned not to relax their vigil during Easter.

U.S. servicemen were conspicuous at Easter Church services.

Easter, 1943

THE war tide had turned, and the Allies were on the offensive. The epic battles of Milne Bay and the Coral Sea had been fought and won, and the A.I.F. had pushed the Japs back over the Owen Stanleys.

The Ninth Division returned from the Middle East.

The British Fleet and Eighth Armies were fighting the last battle in Tunisia, and thoughts were turning to the invasion of Europe.

The Naval Board received advice that the King had approved a number of awards to R.A.N. men for bravery and skill in the hazardous operation in which Allied forces were landed in North Africa.

Spitfires from Britain were in action over Darwin.

The £100,000,000 War Loan had been filled, and Mr. Curtin told Australians that "never before has this country raised such an amount in a single flotation."

In Washington Minister for External Affairs (Dr. Evatt) moved U.S. Senators with his plea for more aid for the South Pacific.

On Easter Saturday U.S. troops landed on Ellice Islands, east of Solomon, and U.S. War Secretary Stimson promised ever increasing aid for the Pacific war front.

In Europe the R.A.F. was carrying out devastating raids on Germany, and airborne invasion troops were completing their training in England.

Easter, 1944

THE advance was continuing in New Guinea and on other fronts in the South-west Pacific.

In jungle clearings in little chapels built from grass and palm leaves Allied servicemen and women in New Guinea held their simple Easter services.

An Easter communique revealed that the U.S. task force which attacked bases in Carolines on March 29-31 sank 25 Japanese ships, damaged 17 ships, and destroyed 160 planes.

The Red Army, after overwhelming victories, reached the Soviet frontier.

Aiding the Russian advance, Allied

aircraft dropped 1150 tons of bombs over north-west Germany.

Amended holiday regulations made the Easter Monday a holiday for all but essential workers.

Rail travel restrictions left thousands of tourists stranded on stations.

At the Easter Saturday race meeting at Randwick, N.S.W., 23,500 people were present. Totalisator investments total £161,633—a record.

Everybody was on tiptoe with daily expectation of the invasion of Europe.

Easter, 1945

IN a few days we will celebrate Easter, 1945. The invasion is a success, France, Holland, and Belgium are liberated. The Allies are across the Rhine, while in the east the Russians close in on Berlin.

Recapture of the Philippines fulfils General MacArthur's pledge, "I shall return." Tokyo is being heavily bombed, by-passed by the Americans, of 80,000 remaining Japanese. A British fleet is in the Pacific for the final blow on Japan.

It is Australia's brightest and most propitious Easter.



MR. DAVID FLEAY, B.Sc.
... zoological history

FIRST to breed the platypus in captivity, Director of Sir Colin Mackenzie Sanctuary, Healesville.

Mr. David Fleay, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., of Melbourne gained Australian Natural History Medallion for specialised study of native fauna.

Before the war was curator, designer and builder of Australian section, Melbourne Zoo.

Born in Ballarat, Mr. Fleay was formerly teacher in State Education Department and at Ballarat Grammar School.

MRS. ELSIE TURNER
... legal precedent

RECENTLY appointed clerk to Mr. Justice Romer, Registrar of Court of Criminal Appeal, London.

Mrs. Elsie Turner is carrying out duties of her husband, who resigned position to join Navy. Appointment creates precedent in English legal circles, and male clerks in profession say it is unfair that a woman of little legal experience should take over a £540 a year post.

S/Ldr. GILLISON, R.A.A.F.
... returned from abroad.

PUBLICITY Officer to Minister for Air and Civil Aviation (Mr. Drakeford). S/Leader Douglas Gillison, R.A.A.F., of Balwyn (Vic.), recently appointed.

was formerly R.A.A.F. Public Relations Officer in London.

Enlisting in 1942, was appointed Pilot-Officer in educational section of R.A.A.F., and later appointed Public Relations Officer in New Guinea. Resigned from R.A.A.F. to accept present post, and is son of the late Padre Gillison, who died in last war.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.

THEY'LL NURSE MEN OF BRITISH NAVY



V.A. NANCY ROGERS adjusts sling for R. Butler, while A.B. P. Hancock lights his cigarette at new British naval hospital.



"NICE TO BE IN AUSTRALIA," smiles Josephine Garton, W.R.N.S., who comes from South Shields. She is a typical English beauty.



MRS. JOYCE PEGLER, of London, and Leading-Steward S. Hammond, of Grimsby, with the felt Dutch doll they made between them.

Nurses, V.A.'s, and drivers who are veterans of war and blitz

By BETTY NESBIT

English, Scots, Irish, and Welsh girls, who were on active service in England from the grim days of the 1940 blitz to the tense and exciting day when Europe was invaded, have now arrived to staff Britain's largest naval hospital established at Herne Bay, N.S.W.

They are members of four services — Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service, V.A.D., St. John Ambulance, and W.R.N.S.

TELL-TALE signs of their long war service are the neat patches and darns on their stiffly laundered uniforms, which have known hard wear.

Most of them are young, in their twenties, and in the last five years they have endured long hours of duty, severely rationed food.

Some nursed in hospitals during air-raids, some drove ambulances through bombed cities. Others had the more mundane hospital duties to carry out under the horrors of bombing.

And now in Australia they will care for the men of the Royal Navy when they become sick or wounded in action against the Japanese in the Pacific war.

Many of them came in large transports to Australia, and the trip out was "just like a really happy ocean cruise," as one girl said.

On duty again, they are settling down to Australian conditions.

They've got used to the heat and the mosquitoes and they all looked

as stunted as any Bondi beach-girl.

In command of the hospital is Surgeon-Rear-Admiral J. A. Maxwell, who has a staff of 21 doctors.

The staff has worked at top speed to get the hospital ready after it was taken over from the U.S. Army, which previously occupied it.

Admiral Maxwell said that 1000 beds would be ready shortly, and an increase to 2000 is planned.

"This makes the hospital the largest established by the Royal Navy," he said. "In England there are more, naturally, but they are much smaller."

At the moment there are 62 sisters, 240 V.A.s and 60 Wrens. On full strength there will be 100 sisters and 500 V.A.s.

When I visited the hospital I learnt that the English V.A.s are on nursing duty, except for only a few, who are ambulance drivers.

Clerical and mess duties, cooking, and other hospital duties are done by the Wrens.

With the English sisters are four Australasians, who joined the Service in England when war broke out.



SURGEON-LIEUTENANT PATRICIA RYAN, R.N.V.R., attends to a patient, Stoker Eric Ford.

They are Sisters Thelma Phillips and Gine Shaw, of Sydney, N.S.W., Sister D. C. Irvine, of Tasmania, and Sister O. G. Richards, of New Zealand.

Being in Australia makes Mrs. Joyce Pegler, of London, feel closer to her husband. She is one of the 15 St. John Ambulance members attached to the hospital.

"My husband is a prisoner of war in Java," she said, "and since I've been here I've been able to send him a message through the Australian Red Cross, something I wasn't able to do from England."

"He was an LAC in the R.A.F. in Malaya, and escaped from there to Java. I have only had one card from him in three years."

Mrs. Pegler belongs to the St. John Ambulance, of which she has been a member for eight years. She wears a grey uniform.

Before joining the Navy 18 months ago she was an ambulance driver and drove during the London blitz.

An air-raid prevented V.A. Winifred Moore, of Hertfordshire, from finishing her general nursing training.

She was in the General Hospital in Tottenham Court Road when it was badly bombed in 1941.

She was ill for two years, but as soon as she was better she joined the V.A.D.

V.A. Nancy Rogers, of South Wales, who drove for the Red Cross during some of the worst air-raids

over Bristol, is planning to go to a different State each time she has leave.

"I've always wanted to see Australia, so now that I'm here I am going to travel round as much as possible when I have leave, and if I can get transport," she said.

She, like all the girls, can't quite get over being excited about the quantities and quality of food here.

"Instead of my family sending me food parcels, as one does to men and women on active service, I'm sending them parcels," she said.

Seven of the ten V.A.D. drivers who are part of the hospital transport service were driving their ambulances during the blitz.

But as Mary Yde, plump Scotch girl, said with a smile, "That's a long time ago now."

She comes from Perth, Scotland, and her only complaint against the climate is that it makes "me so sleepy."

Pink-cheeked V.A. Mary Dardere, of Yorkshire, who is C.O. of the transport group, has been attached to the Royal Naval Blood Transfusion Service.

Before D-Day the mobile units were travelling to various coastal stations with blood supplies for the wounded when they arrived back.

An A.W.A.S. transport driver, Ruth Layton, of Colaroy, N.S.W., has been helping the drivers to find their way round the countryside and city.

Mrs. Veronica Townsend belongs to the City of London Detachment of the V.A.D., the only detachment which wears brass buttons.

"There are quite a lot of stories as to why, but the one I like best is

because, in the last war, this detachment was the only one to keep them polished, and it was allowed to retain them," said Mrs. Townsend.

One of the few women serving in the R.N.V.R. is Surgeon-Lieutenant Patricia Ryan, of North Ireland, who is a dentist.

She is a graduate of Queen's University at Belfast.

There is a lot of color about the English uniforms which fit well into typical Australian background of vivid blue skies and the dark green on the tundra.

Principal Matron Kathleen Baker, Royal Red Cross, told me that the red and blue uniform of the Q.A.R.N.N.S. can be changed only by Royal Command, being designed by a member of the Royal Family, the late Queen Alexandra.

With the navy-blue uniforms the sisters wear blue uppers with scarlet hands. Their cuffs are scarlet and on a corner of the snowy-white veil is the naval crown.

The V.A.s wear their blue uniforms with white aprons with a large Red Cross on the bodice. Their white caps also bear a red cross.

The sisters do not wear any stripes on their uniform to denote their naval rank, which is equivalent to a sub-lieutenant. Senior sisters are lieutenants and the matron herself holds the rank of commander.

Matron Baker has been with the Navy for a long time. She joined up in 1923. Before the war she served for some time in Malta.

When the war broke out she had just left the hospital at Hongkong. The matron who came out to relieve her is still a prisoner of war.



PATIENTS LINE UP for morning tea in one of the wards. This hospital is the largest British naval hospital to be established and when completed will have 2000 beds.



V.A.D. DRIVERS get their instructions for the day's work. From left: Awaas Ruth Layton, who is temporarily assisting them; C.O. Mary Dardere, Jean Bennett, and Mary Yde.

Shopkeepers have their problems

THERE has been so much said and written about the rudeness of shopkeepers and their assistants that I would like to show the other side of the picture.

I have a tobacco kiosk, and since tobacco rationing was introduced I have endeavored to serve my customers as fairly as possible. There have been, however, so many "cuts" in tobacco quotas that I have been forced each time to take a little off each customer's supply; and each time I have had to endure endless arguments, and in many cases actual abuse. Everyone seems to think that I should cut everyone else except him!

Strangers come along and demand a packet of cigarettes or tobacco, and when politely told that I have no "smokes", openly disbelief me, and in some instances have actually tried to intimidate me.

Then there is that buggar, the casual customer, who, after asking for a packet of cigarettes or tobacco, and receiving the reply, "Sorry, no smokes," proceeds to ask separately for every brand of tobacco and cigarettes on the market.

Is it any wonder the harassed shopkeeper becomes a little terse at times?

11 to "Proprietary," Tobacco Kiosk, Sydney.

The ideal home

ALL plans for future homes are very fine, but most of them have only two bedrooms.

I think that each home should have three bedrooms to provide adequate housing for a family. Built-in wardrobes and kitchen cupboards are ideal.

My plan for the ideal house is: Small kitchen, dining-room, lounge-room, three bedrooms, verandah, back and front porch, as suits some types of houses, and in the country areas a verandah all round.

5/- to M. L. Coote, Ceduna, S.A.

What's on your mind?

Campus socks

I HOPE that this winter more girls will wear campus socks (woollen socks which come to the knee).

Office girls would be far healthier wearing them than sitting over a radiator, which only burns their bare legs.

Housewives, too, would find them cozy to wear on winter mornings when shopping or doing the housework.

Contrary to quite a few opinions, they are not unattractive, and with the right type of clothes can look most fetching.

5/- to Ruby Vimpani, Forest Rd., Gymea Bay, N.S.W.

Songs for the very young

I WONDER why some young children are put on the stage and radio to sing songs which are far beyond their radius of understanding?

Recently I heard a little boy of eight or nine years sing a popular song concerning thwarted love.

How unsuitable for a rosy-cheeked little child to be singing about an adult world of which he is ignorant.

5/- to Miss R. V. Roberts, 11 May Terrace, Leckleys, S.A.

Homes for the old folks

IN reply to John Blackney's plea (10/3/45), it should be stated that community-centre homes for old folk are already past the blueprint stage, and are under way at Hammondville, N.S.W.

A number of cottages are in course of erection in which elderly pensioners can live in their own homes. One old woman recently travelled over 200 miles to make application for one.

This is just another enterprising "annex" to this self-contained community centre established by Archdeacon R. Hammond, and which did so much to provide urgently needed homes for people on the dole during the depression.

5/- to Miss L. Monfret, Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

Wasting money

IN reply to Mrs. C. Abraham (3/3/45), I think people who buy jewellery to-day are only wasting their money. When conditions are again normal they will find that their jewellery is worth only a quarter of what they paid for it, and those sensible people who waited to make their purchases will have articles superior in quality and cost.

5/- to J. Greig, Esme Ave., Chester Hill, via Regent's Park, N.S.W.

Improving ration books

TO save both the housewives and the shopkeepers a lot of trouble I suggest that our next issue of ration books should have coupons with perforated edges like those of stamps. It would then be much easier for the number of coupons required to be torn off the book without the use of scissors.

5/- to Miss Y. T. Lee, 76 New South Head Rd., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Hot prices

THE Prices Commission has fixed the prices of many commodities, so why not put a ceiling price on hats?

When I did the round of shops looking for a hat I was astounded at the wip of veils and feathers priced at 30/- to £2.

5/- to Mrs. F. J. Wheeler, 43 Tapley's Hill Rd., Seaton Park, S.A.

After the war

IN this war women have proved they can do jobs that men usually do, and do them well, but I do not notice any women's organisation making any attempt to make themselves heard on post-war reconstruction.

It is time we got together and demanded our right to have a share on deciding the post-war problems as they affect women.

5/- to Miss E. Clayton, c/o 457b Little Collins St., Melbourne.

Extra coupons

REPLYING to Mrs. D. Osborne (24/2/45) about the difficulty in supplying household linen from current coupons:

It is possible by applying to the Director of Rationing to obtain extra coupons for replacement. Application has to be made on a correct form obtainable personally or by post stating requirements.

I recently was issued with 155 extra and was agreeably surprised with the courtesy and promptness shown in obtaining same.

5/- to Mrs. Les Edwards, King St., Charleville, Qld.

Tally Ho!

AUSTRALIANS who wish to give British servicemen a really good time should make up a hunting party. There are plenty of rabbits to be found not far from Sydney.



Many of the English jags may be hoping to enjoy a few days at their favorite sport.

5/- to Mrs. P. Delaney, 38 Byron Rd., Guildford, N.S.W.

Hostels in town for mothers

AS a countrywoman I would like to see the establishment of a hostel in each country town where mothers who live out of the town could go to await the arrival of their baby.

Such a hostel need not be expensive to run, as the housework could almost all be done by the mothers themselves. A cook, housemaid, handyman, and trained sister would be all the staff needed.

The cost to the mother should be a fraction of the average boarding-house tariff, and the Government should subsidise the hostel.

5/- to Mrs. W. G. Dutton, Hernani, via South Grafton, N.S.W.

Should make wills

HOW many times do we hear, when condoling with a friend in a sudden bereavement, the anguished cry, "He has not made a will."

"He would never have left me with all this trouble if he had known."

Men, more than women, seem to be lax in this respect. It is the duty of every wife and mother to remind a man to make a will, forgetting her own participation in this important matter.

5/- to Jessie Brown, Victor St., Holland Park SE3, South Brisbane.

Concessions for children

MANY children of sixteen years are still attending school and business college. Could not the law governing adult prices be altered to apply only to people over sixteen?

Young people up to sixteen years of age should be permitted to travel half-price on all conveyances and to be admitted to places of amusement half-price.

5/- to Mrs. L. Durham, 54 Southey St., Elwood, Vic.

DANNY

began speaking abruptly: "My best pal in a burning plane. And the boy who was going to marry my sister, killed at Crete. And all the fellows in the squadron I used to belong to. They're not there any more. Did they fly into the sunset while their bodies fell to the earth? No, I'm not thinking about it—I'm just not thinking! I'm not going to be hurt any more, we're not going to be hurt, either of us!"

"No, I'm not remembering either, I'm not remembering!" said Simone unsteadily.

"Are you marrying that boss of yours?"

"He hasn't asked me."

"That's because you haven't made up your mind to say 'Yes,'" said Danny. "And he wants to be quite, quite sure he isn't risking a snub."

She raised her eyes.

"You really do know a lot about my affairs, don't you?"

"I'm trying to. Do you expect to say 'Yes,' Simone?"

"In the end I expect I will. I'm twenty-eight—it's three years since Derek died. I'm a career-woman now, rather a successful one at that. But I don't want always to be that. I'm tired—awfully tired. After the war I'd like a rest. Cecil would give it to me. But he's going to the States next week—no use deciding anything until he is home again. He's big business, you know, very big business. Half our prosperity in the post-war world may depend on Cecil Harker!"

"The sort of bloke who gets priority in the Clipper—I know!" said Danny.

"I think I'd advise you to marry him, Simone," he went on. "A woman's not so good at being the cat who walked by itself as a man is. But I'm glad he's going to America for the present. Things are turning out lucky for us."

"How?"

"I heard to-day that I'm posted to an instructing job for the next

Continuing . . . I Won't Be Hurt

from page 3

six weeks," he said. "I'm to be at Downborough, just twenty miles away. There are huses and, wonder of wonders, a late one. I'll have a spot of free time. We can play together, Simone! We can go places, we can talk, we might even wangle a trip to town. That's the sort of idea. We could have fun, Simone, proper fun! I know that I could give you fun, my dear. Do you feel like that about me?"

"I think I do, yes, I think I do!"

That was how it began. And Cecil Harker went to the States. And summer was ending—but it was a lovely ending. There was the first autumn tang in the air, the leaves were changing color. Danny and Simone went for walks on the healthy uplands near Hapsfield, picnics down by the river, drinks at odd little inns, talk and laughter. Nothing more. But the girl who didn't mean to be hurt grew contented about this philosophy until—

One night in September—"Let's drink up!" said Danny. "No hee-laps! Drink up, honey. Drinks all round for everybody!"

It was a country inn, and the people there were country folk, with a soldier or two among them. Beers all round from this young fellow with the wings. They liked him; they liked his girl. It was a good night in the pub that night, drinks all round, and the wireless playing, and a moon to light them home when the landlord called "Time!" and they went out into the lanes again. Only Simone knew. Her hand found Danny's, and held it fast.

"What is it?" she said.

"What should it be?"

"That's what I want to know. Tell me, Danny."

There was a long pause before he answered. How still the evening was! Their footsteps rang in the quiet lane.

"Doing his solo—this afternoon," said Danny. "Told him not to hang on to the joy stick when he landed. That's what the fool did, I suppose. Oh, yes, dead as mutton when they picked him out. A silly boy with freckles—always grinning."

"Oh, Danny, Danny!" cried Simone.

"There, I'm hurting you. We won't be hurt! We have been hurt enough already! But I'm glad I'm going back to tops! On Thursday. Glad!"

"Ops! on Thursday?"

"Now don't say you mind," said Danny.

"Of course I don't—not awfully."

He leant against a gate. He put his head in his hands for a minute. A boy with freckles and a grin. No discipline about him. "When you take off, do you—Gone, gone for ever."

He looked at her. She was different.

"A bit under the weather, aren't you?" he asked.

"A bit, perhaps."

"Well, I'm due for a spot of leave. They certainly owe me that. Like to make it a honeymoon?"

She sat very still.

"You're proposing to me!" she said.

"Didn't really need to, did I? It's been understood, hasn't it?"

"It was," said Simone. "But—"

"But what?"

"It was a mistake. I'm not going to marry you! I'm sorry, Cecil. I'm afraid you may think I have led you on."

He wouldn't believe it at first. He stormed and raged at her. He told her she was being a fool. But at last he knew that she would not change her mind, so when he had said everything he had to say, he went. She still sat alone.

"Yes, he's right, Danny. I am a fool!" she whispered.

"No, thanks, I'd rather have a Victory Bond."



THAT night, in the evening papers, in the Ministry, in the hotel bars, over the wireless, the news! Danny had turned up again. His rubber dinghy had been found by a coastal patrol vessel. He was safe!

He will come, Simone thought. They get a month's leave after a thing like that! He will come.

She glowed for him. She put on her prettiest clothes for him. But he didn't come. The days went past and he did not come.

She was given a chance to go abroad, a big chance. Cecil put it in her way. He didn't want one of his few failures sitting in the office, looking at him all day.

She took the chance. It was the best way out. Clear-cut and final, dreadfully final. She would never see Danny again.

She was packing. There was a ring at her door. Danny stood on the threshold.

Neither of them moved, neither spoke for a long minute that seemed an eternity. Then Danny took a step forward.

"Simone!" he said.

Her heart fluttered strangely as she stood, gazing at him.

"Why did you stay away?" she whispered. "Why, why?"

"I knew Cecil was back again. I saw it in the papers. I wasn't going to be hurt. But I've stood it as long as I can. I did everything I could to forget you, but it didn't work. You're not a woman a man can forget, Simone!"

"It didn't work with me either," she said. "I'm not going to marry Cecil, Danny."

"That's what I came to tell you, that you are not to marry Cecil! There could be nothing quite so futile as your marrying him!"

"I found that out for myself," she whispered, as his arms closed round her.

(Copyright)

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

RASHNESS is ill-advised at this time. The planetary influences are rather evenly balanced between those producing upsets and disruption or worry, and those bringing an element of good fortune into the lives of many individuals.

Many Librans will have to watch out if they are to avoid losses, partings, adverse changes, and disappointments.

Most Capricornians and Cancerians will need to exercise wisdom, patience, and energy to dodge difficulties and discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Good fortune possible on March 31 (forenoon), April 1 (noon to dusk), and April 2 (evening). April 3, to sunset (good).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Unspectacular days now, yet mild good fortune possible March 31 (4 p.m.) and April 3 (10 a.m. to noon).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Avoid rashness, indiscretions yet awhile. Things should gradually improve. April 2 and 3 unreliable.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be guarded now. Difficulties, discord, unwise changes possible. March 31 and April 3 poor. Routine best.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Seek progress, gains, favors, changes now. April 2 (evening) and April 3 (after 8 a.m.) very helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Conditions should be somewhat easier now, but routine work still advised. Especially April 2 and 3.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Live cautiously now. Separations, disruption, losses, opposition possible. Avoid changes. March 31 and April 3 (morning) very poor. Routine tasks advised. Control your moods.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Semi-important matters helped on March 31 (forenoon) and April 1 (noon to dusk). **SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 23): Advancement, pleasure, desired changes and opportunities possible now, so work hard. April 2 (evening) and April 3 (morning) sunrise to 10 a.m. quite restful.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Be wary now. Obstacles, worry, discord, setbacks possible, especially late March 31, and early April 3. Avoid changes. Keep to routine tasks.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Really pleasing dates. March 31 (dusk), April 2 (evening) and April 3 (10 a.m. to 5 p.m.) helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Consolidate past gains now, and avoid new ventures. Especially late April 2 and early April 3. But March 31 (forenoon) and April 1 (noon to dusk) pleasing.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"The ones from Texas don't bother to whistle!"

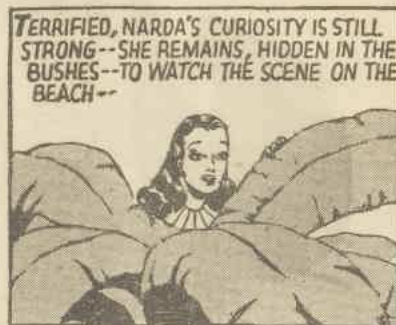


Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key Island, West Indies, by **BARON KORD:** A sinister man who wants to marry Narda. All the workers on Kord's estate are "kordies" or "zombies."

Imprisoning Mandrake and Lothar in a tiny cell without water, Kord plans to turn them into "kordies." Trina, Kord's sister, implores Narda to obey Kord or she will become one. Landing on Kord Key by chance, a young fisherman asks Kord where he is.

NOW READ ON:



Ever heard Chocolate



SNAP?

READ THIS
IF YOU LIKE
CHOCOLATE



SMALL'S STAYS FIRM... even under tropical conditions, and the boys in the jungle found this the most severe test any chocolate gets.



LADIES LIKE A MAN'S CHOCOLATE

We started by making Club Chocolate especially for men. It's not too sweet. But now we find that the sweetest little ladies prefer a man's chocolate... ask for Small's Club Chocolate in the black and white wrapping every time.

SNAP IT!

—that's the quickest way to tell the best quality chocolate. And anyone who makes chocolate — anyone who knows anything at all about chocolate — has got to admit that this is true. Small's Club Chocolate has that clean, brittle SNAP that is characteristic of the BEST chocolate... the SNAP that you hear in Small's Club Chocolate EVERY time.

Small's make great Chocolate

*In the famous
Black and White
wrapper*

Prisoners of war write cheerfully of varied interests

Two repatriated prisoners of war describe their feelings during their first days of liberty after years in German camps.

Other men, still in German or Japanese hands, tell how they spend their time and keep up their spirits while prisoners.

Capt. W. H. Travers, south of France, writes to his parents, Colonel and Mrs. R. J. Travers, Holbrook Ave., Kirribilli, N.S.W.:

"WE came out via Switzerland. My first big thrill was to hear the voice of the British Consul's wife at Constance.

"I have not heard an English woman's voice for four years.

"I cannot get used to being free and have not yet become used to seeing Americans instead of 'Goonies' (P.O.W. slang for Germans) with rifles, shouting and screaming.

"These still haunt me and I keep looking over my shoulder every time a stranger comes into the room.

"I have not become used to turning on a tap out of which flows hot water or to having a hot shower whenever I want it.

"Red Cross have been marvellous, mostly Swiss and Americans. They can't do too much for us.

"American organising ability is amazing, such a contrast to the 'Goon' administrative inefficiency. If anyone tries to tell me anything about that boggy, the wonderful organising ability of the Germans, my answer will be one word—nuts!"

Spr. I. Gaskin, at Marseilles, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Gaskin, 5 Bellevue Park Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.:

"JUST look at that address—that means I'm a free man. What a feeling! There's so many things I want to do I can hardly sit still long enough to write this note.

"The Red Cross have been marvellous to us ever since we got to Switzerland. They travelled through with us on the train and never stopped giving us little gifts, and

MUSIC AT STALAG XVIII. Back row, left to right: P.O.W.s Carter, Jarrett, Hughes, R. E. Parsons, Tantrum. Front, left to right: P.O.W.s Mudgeley, Allison, Barclay, and Forster.

have kept our stomachs tight with nice things to eat. The Americans have been looking after us in the exchange—they're grand people, they spare nothing."

Spr. J. Stewart, No. 3 Camp, Thailand, to his mother, Mrs. Ellen Stewart, 57 Brougham St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.:

"I AM all right and treated as well as circumstances will permit. The food is good and we are just a happy band of mates."

Pto. Les Smith, Osaka, Japan, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith, Springsure, Qld.:

"I AM still keeping up my weight round ten stone, so that speaks well for my rice diet.

"Time does not seem to drag here, as we work every day.

"I received your letter dated July 2, 1942, and was very thrilled."

Sdr. L. J. Brill, Stalag VIIA, Germany, to his mother, Mrs. L. W. Brill, Government House, Canberra:

"TO-DAY, November 11, takes us all back home for a little while to the Cenotaph. How often as a kid I used to watch the service there. Hear the bugle, all the time trying hard to understand the significance of it all and not realising till I left home and grew up a bit just what it all meant.

"A service was held here. We haven't missed one since we left home, and each one takes us back for a few minutes to the ones we love so much.

"Sport has been pretty dead lately. Everyone seems to have an air of expectancy. About every chap is planning a very rosy future. With the thought of freedom prevalent in our minds there is not much time to think of anything else."

FIRST PHOTO sent by Pte. Harry Gluyas, Stalag XIII C, Germany, to his mother, Mrs. M. Gluyas, 30 Chalmers Street, Rose Bay, N.S.W. Pte. Gluyas was taken prisoner on Crete.

F/Lt. W. A. Trickett, Stalagluft 3, Germany, to his sister, Miss Helen Trickett, 118 Albert St., Melbourne:

"GEORGE ARCHER and I decided 'G' would make jam, so I let one of my pumpkins grow rather larger than usual, about 12lb. Then we requisitioned several packets of prunes and raisins from our parcel issue and went to work. Result, strange as it may seem, was quite good and much appreciated."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Murder By Degrees

Continued from page 5

JEFF shrugged. "While you thought you were keeping company with a killer, Haifa, he was down and away. I wonder if he found what he was after."

"I wonder who it was?" "The only person it couldn't have been was Mrs. Girard. She was serving me a pillow."

"But I'm sure it was a man, Jeff!" "Are you?" He looked the windows behind us.

"Of course! . . . Well, no. I was sure it was the Professor this evening on the stairs, and it wasn't. I could be wrong again. But, Jeff, the watch! If we find someone with a radium-dial watch."

"Yes, we'll tell Henley. But he'll probably find that nobody in the house has one. Or that everybody has."

Jeff was exploring the living-room now. "Say, the victim was a man of varied interests. Literature, art, the drama—you liked him, huh?"

"Everybody did! He had more friends than anyone I know. Why, I was always meeting somebody on his way to visit Block or just leaving him. This place was like a doctor's or a dentist's. You know, as if people had appointments and—"

"As if they had appointments," Jeff repeated thoughtfully. "You mean they came with some kind of regularity?"

"Yes," I said, remembering. "I think they did. The same person at the same time on the same day, week after week."

"And they came alone?"

"Usually. But, Jeff, if Block was in some kind of business, isn't it queer that he never mentioned it?"

"If the business wasn't strictly on the up-and-up, he wouldn't boast about it, Haifa."

"You mean a racket," I said. "Somehow, I can't see Block in a racket. He was such a— you know, a gentleman of the old school. Fine branny in enormous glasses and all that."

"Where did he get the money to be so grand?"

"I don't know. I never even wondered."

"Well, wonder a little, will you? And do you know who any of these people are? These 'constant visitors'?"

I shook my head. "I met one of two of them up here. But they left when I came."

"Did Block hurry them out?"

"Well, I suppose you might call it that."

"H'm. An interesting gent, the victim. And I've got a hunch he

was even more interesting than we think. Well, shall we leave the scene of the crime?"

"I'd be delighted," I said.

We broke out my studio couch and beat it into something that resembled a double bed. I began undressing, carefully hanging up my clothes, hoping to set a good example for Jeff. He hung his coat on the back of a chair; it slid to the floor. He draped his tie over Cows Drinking. He rolled his shirt into a ball and tucked it between two slats of the Venetian blind.

"Jeff, I dare you to hang your pants in the closet."

"Huh?"

"Oh, no, pardon me. There's still the bridge lamp left."

"Haifa, do you think it was that Annie Laurie whistler that frightened Kay this afternoon?"

"Well, she might have heard something I didn't. And the whistling could have been purely coincidental."

"This whistler—you've never caught him in his act?"

"No. I've heard him often on the stairs, but never seen him. It might be anyone—Mrs. Girard, Vincent, Lydia, a delivery boy, anyone. Jeff, I can't think about it any more. Tell me about your trip. Did you always get seats on the trains?"

"If I didn't, I'd always stand in front of a Wave or a Wac and stare at them until they got embarrassed and got up and gave me their seat."

"Haifa, did you ever talk to Collins?"

"No, never. . . . Jeff, darling, you never wrote me if you looked up my pal Helen Roberts while you were away. Did you?"

"I spent an evening with her. . . . Hey, did you tell me Helen Roberts?"

"Of course!"

"I thought you told me Thomas. That explains why this girl never heard of you. But we had a lovely evening together." Jeff lifted up a corner of the sheet. "She was cute. Big, brown eyes, auburn hair—"

"Oh, no, you don't! You don't fool me. Good-night, darling."

We were late for breakfast. Only Mrs. Girard and Vincent Charles still sat at the huge, round table. They nodded a gloomy greeting, and continued staring morosely into their empty coffee cups.

Jeff and I worked our way grimly to our coffee when Detective Henley beckoned to Jeff from the doorway.

Vincent's fanatical, humorless eyes followed Jeff into the hall. Then he turned to Mrs. Girard. "The lock on my door," he said icily,



IN STALAG XVIII. Photo sent by Cpl. H. J. Onley to Miss Ellie McKee, 4 Bolwell St., Werribee, Vic.



IN STALAG XIII C. Photo sent by Pte. James White to his sister, Mrs. S. Davis, Paddington, N.S.W.

"still hasn't been fixed. I've been asking you about it for weeks."

"Really, Mr. Charles, this is hardly the time to bother me with details like that!"

"It's exactly the time to bother you, Mrs. Girard! There's a murderer loose in this house! The least you can do is to give us the protection of locked doors!"

"Very well! I'll attend to it. Now, let's hear no more about it, please!"

WITH a disciplinary nod of her head she dismissed him and turned to me: "Before I forget, Mrs. Troy, Professor Simons would like to see you and your husband. He'll be in his room all day."

"Thank you. We'll drop in." Jeff and Henley came back into the room.

"Where," Henley demanded of Mrs. Girard, "is Lydia Verlane?"

"Why, she went out after breakfast. I don't know where."

"Is Mrs. Abbott in her room?"

"Of course not! She's at work at the library."

Henley snorted in exasperation. "Well, I'll start with you and Charles. We haven't found Collins yet, and we've got to find him. You two must know something about him that would give us a lead. Come on, think!"

Mrs. Girard shook her head helplessly, but Vincent Charles jumped excitedly to his feet. "Listen! Collins never actually told me, but I got the impression that he was a New Yorker! So if you checked with the draft boards—"

"Charles," the detective said patiently, "I'm dumb, but not that dumb. I've checked that. There's no Paul Collins who answers his description registered with any New York draft board. There's no record anywhere else of him. He might have been born the day he moved into this house and died last night when he left. The guy just vanished!"

Henley's assistant trudged into the room. He wagged his head sadly at his superior. "No," he said. "The boys can't find a single finger-print in Collins' room. Not his or anybody's. The place was cleaned like it was the old family silver."

"But when could he have done that?" Mrs. Girard exclaimed.

"There wasn't time."

"Collins didn't do it!" Henley thundered. "Somebody else did it for him! Somebody in this house is helping him!"

Vincent stepped forward belligerently. "Why couldn't Collins have sneaked back into the house last night and—"

"Because I had the house watched, that's why! Nobody went in or out of here but Jeff Troy. Understand? And now I'd like a private word with Mrs. Girard."

Professor Simons' room was large and comfortable and pleasant.

The huge desk before the windows, the davenport, the chairs, the top of the inadequate brocade all sagged under the tottering stacks of books and magazines, pamphlets and newspapers. A city fireman would have shuddered at this mass of flame-bait.

The Professor picked up three or four paper-bound booklets and handed them to Jeff. They were catalogues of various colleges for various years. He pointed to a stack of college yearbooks, magazines, and newspapers.

"My life-work," he said. "I am compiling a history of American education."

"Off-hand," Jeff said, "I'd say your history will not be limited to one volume."

"I hope to keep it under twelve," the Professor said. He paused and cleared his throat; uneasily "I asked you to come in, Mr. Troy, because I've heard about your experience with murder cases, and I. . . . well, there is a point about this one that I must face. Why, Mr. Troy, did the killer disguise himself as me?"

"Well," Jeff said slowly, "since you were an intimate of Block's, a constant visitor to his room, no one would especially notice your arrival or departure. Then, with your glasses and your moustache and beard, you're a fairly easy subject for impersonation. But that isn't what you mean, is it?"

"No," said Simons.

"You're wondering why the killer didn't mind if you were convicted of murder?"

"I find myself wondering even more than that," he said quietly. "Did the killer actually want me to be convicted of this crime? And now that he has failed, will he try to achieve his end in some other manner?"

"I've wondered that, too."

"Ah, then it hasn't been all my imagination."

Please turn to page 23

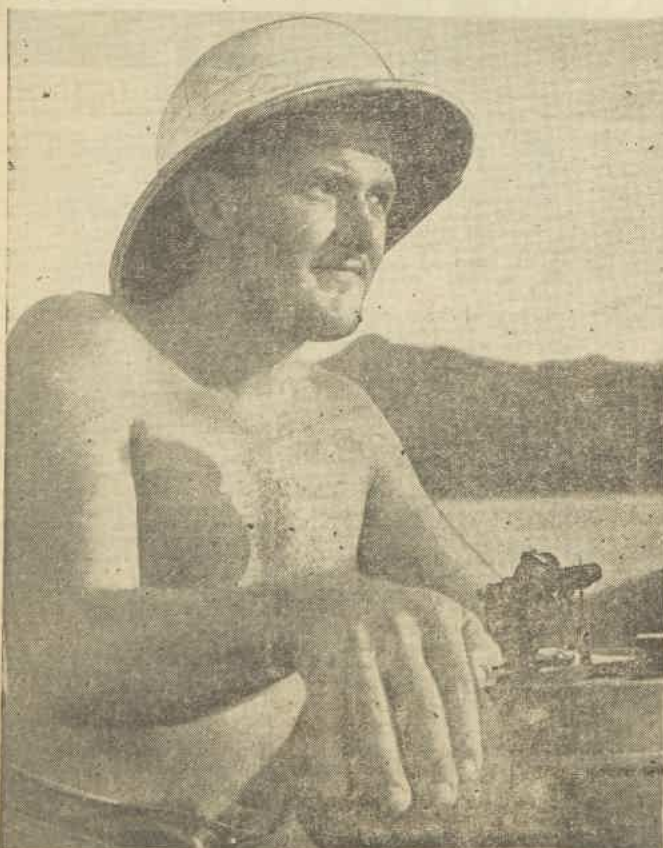
Epic journey of Australian-built barges



FIRST STAGE of epic voyage from Cairns, Queensland, across the Coral Sea to Jacquinot Bay, south coast of New Britain, made by twenty Australian-built barges. They completed the voyage without serious mishap, although they faced some choppy seas. One barge had engine trouble first day out and had to return.



WASHING DAY for the crew as the gallant convoy leaves Milne Bay. This is the last stage of the arduous 900-mile voyage.



PILOTING the barge convoy through the China Straits requires skill and plenty of concentration on part of Sgt. Will Taylor, Melbourne.



LOADING FUEL at Milne Bay. With the barges were two motor launches of the type used for harbor excursions.

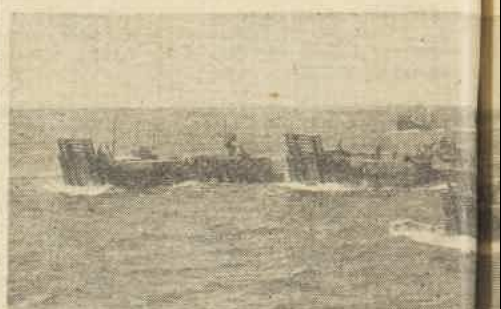


CUCUMBERS being sorted, for a meal on board one of the ALC, by Spr. S. Shrimpton, Melbourne, and Spr. D. Peisley, Orange, N.S.W.



RATIONS needing replenishing, further stores are taken on board by barges at Milne Bay. ALC 40's can carry 40 tons each.

AUSTRALIAN war history was made by the voyage of Australian-built barges. These barges are not new but their epic 900-mile journey was accomplished in 14 days. They were built at Geelong, Victoria, and travelled under power. There were 19 Australian Landing Craft 40's, and one ALC 120, which is 120 feet long. Story of the voyage taken by Reg. Edwards, Department of Information.



CALMER WATER in the Coral Sea with the barges.



WRECKED Japanese ship before the barges arrived.



GUN PRACTICE by the barges during the days at sea. Arrived at Jacquinot Bay.

Cross Coral Sea

the Coral Sea of twenty major trans-ocean travel, without mishap. They have power the whole of the feet long, and one of them is photographically in pictures together.



the barges emerge from the journey under way.



MASCOT of one craft is seasick and tended by Spr. M. Martin, Nowra, N.S.W. Responds well to treatment.



freighter lying off Kitava Island, seen at close quarters just from Jacquinot Bay. The wreck is full of shrapnel holes



SIGNALS being sent out to other barges by Pte. Graeme Phillips, St. Kilda, Vic. Ships carried little cargo. Each had double crew of ten.



on board the barges keeps the crews in good shape, and adds much interest to long journeys. The arrival of the barges at Jacquinot Bay means area is manned entirely by Australian personnel.



JOURNEY'S END for the convoy brought happiness to the crews, who wasted no time in getting to work with vigor unloading the stores.

Her suit says **PARIS**

Her complexion **SAYS**

paul Duval



... THE 2-INCH SILK FRINGE MAKES THIS TRIM, TAILORED SUIT BY MARCEL ROCHAS' UNMISTAKABLY FRENCH.



Quality is unmistakable wherever you find it. In a Paris frock, it's the cut and style. In make-up, it's the creamy smoothness of Paul Duval powder base; the way Paul Duval face powder clings for hours, and the pearly finish this same face powder gives to your skin. Last but not least, quality is in the soft, glowing colour that Paul Duval rouge and lipstick impart to cheeks and lips.

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BRING YOUR FIGHTING MEN HOME SOONER—BUY ANOTHER THIRD VICTORY WAR LOAN BOND



TOAST. F/Lt. David Joyce, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Mrs. Mary Clapp (ex-wife of lumber millionaire, Norton Clapp), at reception after their wedding in Los Angeles. Lieut. A. Bullock Webster, R.N.V.R. (left), singer Amelia Galli-Curci, who was matron of honor, bride's father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Davis. Bridegroom is old boy of King's School, Parramatta. Couple plan future home here.

On and Off DUTY.

CANDLES in lotus-flower shades and miniature Chinese figures standing on plateglass provide enchanting table decorations at party given at American Legation at Canberra. Party was farewell to Chinese Minister, Dr. Hsu Mo, and charming wife.

Four hostesses, Mrs. Nelson T. Johnson, wife of American Minister, Mrs. W. J. Garnett, Mrs. W. J. Edwards, and Mrs. T. C. David arranged entertainment for their distinguished guests in form of tableau and short sketches.

After supper Mr. Johnson presented Dr. Hsu Mo with traditional scroll portraying an ancient Chinese scholar. Before leaving all guests signed their names on special hand-made Chinese paper which Mrs. Johnson had saved specially for occasion. This is to be bound and given to Madame Hsu Mo before she leaves for Turkey, where her husband takes up new appointment.

"I've known my fiance for twenty-two years," says twenty-three-year-old Marie Wein when she rings me to tell me of engagement with Harry Rose, of Melbourne. Marie, who is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Wein, of Dover Heights, is chemist, and is by way of being an author as well. Her first book, "Frolics of Frustrated Females," will be published in June, and her second, a children's book, "Leopold the Lizard," is just about completed.

INTERESTING WEDDING. Carl Thomas and his bride, formerly Mrs. Noelle Ferne, talking to Canon Burder at the reception which followed their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Bride is daughter of late Captain Roderick Howe, of Toorak, and of Mrs. Howe, Collaroy. Bridegroom is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Thomas, Melbourne.



W.A.A.A.F. BIRTHDAY DINNER. ACW Joan Ipkenanz, of Gunneah (left), with ACW Gloria MacRae and ACW Betty Taupin, at W.A.A.A.F. fourth birthday dinner held at Hopewood House, Darling Point, by members of No. 5 Maintenance Group.



COUNTRY VISITORS. Mrs. Tim Rowlands, of Holbrook (left), and Mrs. Tony Fairbairn, of Mountain Creek Estate, Albury, lunch at Prince's when they come to Sydney on holiday. Mrs. Rowlands, who is staying with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Jensen, at Darling Point, has brought her two children, Timothy and Mary, with her.



R.A.F. WEDDING. Pretty Mrs. Noel Elliott, formerly Pat Woodhouse, and Sergeant Elliott, R.A.F., after marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Pat, who was section-officer in W.A.A.A.F., is science graduate of Sydney University. She is daughter of Mr. C. M. Woodhouse, Chief Cartographer, R.A.N., and Mrs. Woodhouse, Cremorne.



CANADIANS ENTERTAINED. Nora O'Neill, voluntary helper at Lady Gourie Services Club, Canberra, gives Sergeant Wilfred Schenck, R.C.E.M.E., of Alberta (right), and Sergeant Eddie Carmody, R.C.A., of Ontario, a preview of meat-roll which was served to party of Canadians when they visited club during visit to capital.



MELBOURNE WEDDING. Squadron-Leader Malcolm Walker, R.A.A.F., son of Dr. and Mrs. Allan Walker, of Darling Point, and bride, formerly Meryl Anderson, of Toorak, leaving Toorak Presbyterian Church with attendants, bride's brother, F/O Jim Anderson, and Meryl Foster. Couple have flat at South Yarra.

WITH coupon book in one hand and shopping bag in the other, Ursula Brooks is dashing round town, collecting trousseau, as her marriage to A/B Jack Smith, R.A.N., will take place on April 25. Wedding will be at St. Canice's.

EVERY day more and more interesting toys arrive for April Fair and Toy Show planned by Young Contingent of the Victoria League for their "Bomb Victims and Merchant Navy Fund." Interesting collection of 60 toys, which includes 45 dolls, is sent by Mrs. H. W. Bunce, of Vaucluse. Among her collection is wooden aeroplane which was made by her son, Flying-Officer Fred Bunce, R.A.A.F., when he was a schoolboy at Tudor House. By the way, Fred was first air training cadet to get D.P.C.

Show will be held on April 21, at home of Miss Mary Fairfax, "Glenahgulla," Bellevue Hill. President of committee, Mrs. Tom Bateman, says exhibition toys will be returned to owners, but hand-made toys in special contest section will be retained by League.

ALL sorts of amusing stories still coming to light about Royal visit to Sydney. Loved hearing about several Service heads who, when invited to dine "informally" at Admiralty House in dinner jackets, had their wives working overtime unpacking and airing suits which had not seen the light of day for five years. One man had his packed in mothballs and screwed down in a packing-case. Arriving to dine, faint odor of mothballs was only clue to wardrobe flurry.



JUST ENGAGED. Veda Dowling, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Dowling, of Haberfield, and fiance, Lieut. Brian Arrowsmith, twin son of Mrs. C. W. Arrowsmith, New Farm, Brisbane, and late Mr. B. Arrowsmith, Sydney.

DATE for your diary. Easter Dinner Dance at Pickwick Club this Thursday, arranged by Junior Social Committee of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children.

CHANCE meeting at the C.W.A. Servicewomen's Club led to romance and marriage of Corporal Joy Rollo, A.W.A.S., and A/B Thomas Cassidy, R.A.N., at St. John's Church, Ashfield. Bride, who is second daughter of Mrs. L. Rollo, Ashfield, and late Mr. Rollo, has been three years in W.A.A.F. service, and is now awaiting her discharge.

joyce

ARMS

TO FARMS

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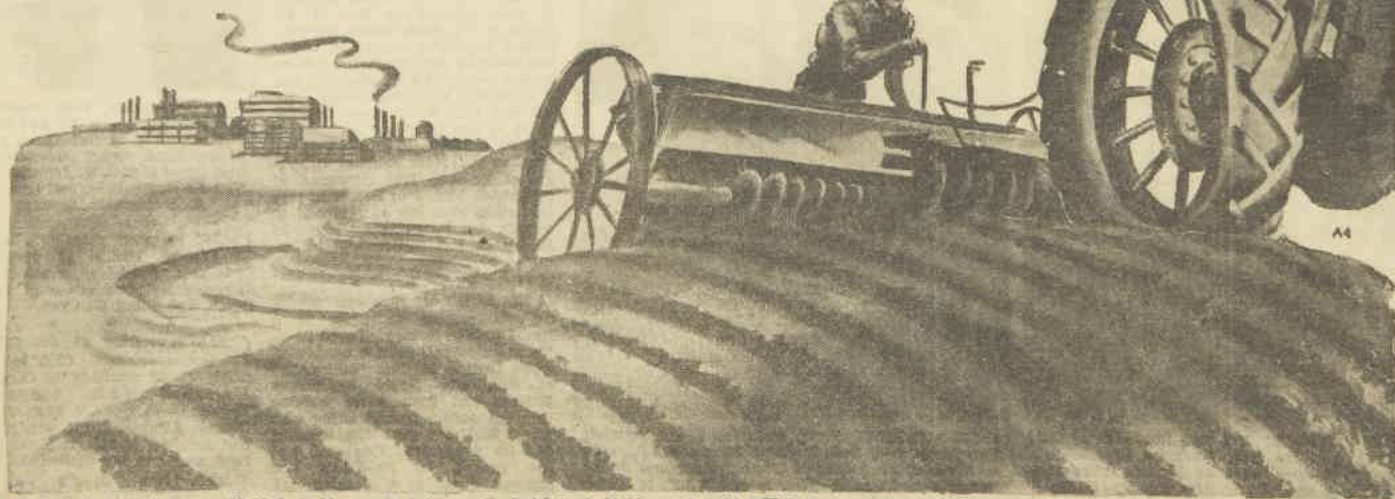
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ATLANTIC UNION OIL COMPANY LIMITED (Incorporated in Australia)



MISS NEVA CARR - GLEN, who will co-star with her husband, John Tate, in "Star Theatre" on April 2 from 2GB.

New stars for play series

The first radio appearance in "Star Theatre" of the two well-known artists, Neva Carr-Glyn and John Tate, who are husband and wife in private life, will be on 2GB on April 2 at 9 p.m. The play will be entitled "The Portrait of Nellie Blane."

THIS is their first co-starring role since their recent return from New Zealand, where this brilliant pair had great successes in various stage plays.

These plays included "Arsenic and Old Lace," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and "Susan and God," presented by J. C. Williamson.

The versatile Neva Carr-Glyn has had extensive stage experience, commencing at the age of 15 years, when she was principal girl in a Sydney pantomime, and in the course of her successful career she has played practically every type of role.

Six years on the London stage gave her that finesse which Australian audiences have not been slow to appreciate. She has one of the most attractive feminine voices in radio.

John Tate has played frequent leads in Macquarie Plays, and is well known for his excellent work in radio serials, notably "In His Steps," in which he was the original Henry Maxwell.

The "Star Theatre's" half-hour dramatic plays began a year ago, and the unique idea of presenting two of radio's foremost stars in a series of plays has been extremely popular.

Playwrights Maxwell Dunn and Richard Lane write each play to give a wide scope to the versatile acting of the two chosen artists in roles ranging from comedy to drama and mystery.

Producer of the "Star Theatre" series is Yvonne Banvard.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 28: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, March 29 (from 4.50 to 4.55): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, March 30: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, March 31: Goodie Reeve presents R & G competition, "Melody Fourcous."
SUNDAY, April 1 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, April 2: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Service."
TUESDAY, April 3: "What's on the Menu."

Needlework Notions

No. 574 Lovely, form-fitting Cominickers

Fashioned from white rayon crepe - de - chine, ready to cut and sew. Here on the left is shown new and smarter cominickers. Ready to cut and sew, they come to you with the pattern traced clearly on a washable and excellent rayon crepe-de-chine, in white only.

Design shows an uplift bra-siere-top daintily embroidered, with a slim body, and rather straight trousers. The edges, as you see, are scalloped, and should be finished with a neat buttonhole-stitch.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 10-11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 11-10 (6 coupons). Postage, 9d extra.

No. 575 Bonny suit for boys 2 to 6 years

A fine opportunity for mothers. Note sketch of this fine little suit for boys which comes to you ready to cut out and make up. The chosen material is a splendid all-white British cotton, which is guaranteed to wear and wash.

And note the contrast band on shirt. This, of course, can be had in lemon, green, or blue.

The shirt is plain with high, round neck, short sleeves, and buttoned front. The trousers are straight and tailored, and finished with self belt.

Size 2 to 4 years, 5/11 (6 coupons). Size 4 to 6 years, 6/2 (6 coupons). Postage, 6d extra.

N.B.: When ordering be sure to state required size, and state whether you want lemon, green, or blue contrast strip to trim shirt.

F2339 - New, American style swimsuit - smart as new paint. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"ELINOR" - Dainty Dressing-Gown in Summer Floral Cotton.

Beautifully made in a washable and well-wearing, bothproof cotton, in all-over floral tonings, this dainty little gown is destined for the small member of the family. The design is simple with its small collar, trim bodice, and long skirt. It is buttoned from neck to hemline, and finished with buttonholes and self-covered buttons. The sleeves are short, but if long sleeves are preferred we would ask you to specially state this when ordering.

Ready to wear: 36 and 38in. lengths, 12/6 and 12 coupons; 32 and 34in. lengths, 14/6 and 12 coupons. Plus postage, 1/2d. Cut out only: 36 and 38in. lengths, 6/11 and 12 coupons; 32 and 34in. lengths, 9/11 and 12 coupons. Plus postage, 1/2d.

You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "ELINOR" and "BARBARA," as it is not possible to fulfill all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.



"BARBARA" - SWEET NIGHTGOWN IN PINK LAWN. Fashioned in a soft, fine quality, and well-wearing lawn, but in one shade only - pale pink - this dainty little nightgown is available all ready to wear. The design is very neat with high neckline, rummy bodice and full skirt. Sleeves are short.

Ready to wear: 28 and 30in. lengths, 3/6 (9 coupons); 22 and 24in. lengths, 7/11 (9 coupons). Plus postage, 12d. Cut out only: 28 and 30in. lengths, 3/6 (9 coupons); 22 and 24in. lengths, 4/11 (9 coupons). Plus postage, 12d.

N.B. - When ordering, please make second choice in order to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "ELINOR" and "BARBARA" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount, include coupon, and send to Box 3490, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give length measurements.

Fashion PATTERNS



F2142



F2395



F2575



F2339

F2395 - Flattering house-frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2142 - Charming frock for young misses 8 to 14 years of age. Note pretty puff sleeves. Requires 3 1/2 yards, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4. F2575 - Gay and charming sunfrock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE - To ensure a prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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CHILDREN'S UNDIES

To fit 2 to 4, 4 to 6, and 6 to 8-year-olds.
No. 1 - Material required: 1yd., 36in. wide.
No. 2 - Material required: 1 1/2yds., 36in. wide.
No. 3 - Material required: 2yds., 36in. wide.



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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:
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ME!*

EVEN MY BOYFRIENDS
HAVE LET ME DOWN! HONESTLY,
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I
HAVE BAD BREATH -OR
SOMETHING!

THAT MAY BE MORE TRUE THAN
FUNNY, JOAN! A VISIT TO THE
DENTIST MIGHT BRIGHTEN UP
THE MALE SITUATION ..

JOAN SEES THE DENTIST..

OF COURSE - REGULAR
BRUSHING IS THE IMPORTANT
THING..THERE'S NOTHING
BETTER THAN COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM TO HELP
ROUT OUT ACID DEPOSITS
AND DECAYING FOOD
PARTICLES WHICH CAUSE
DECAY & BAD BREATH..

.. AND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS
A SAFE POLISHING AGENT
THAT MAKES YOUR
TEETH BRILLIANTLY
WHITE -WITHOUT
HARMING THE
DELICATE
ENAMEL ..

LATER-THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM..

SO NOBODY WRITES TO YOU! IF YOU
ASK ME, JOAN, I'D SAY EVERYBODY
WRITES TO YOU!

WELL - NOT
QUITE! BUT THANKS
TO YOUR TIP -
MAIL CALL IS
MALE CALL.
THESE DAYS!

**COLGATE'S MAKES
TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE ..
GIVES TRUE
BRILLIANCE
TO YOUR SMILE !**



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Murder By Degrees

Continued from page 15

THE Professor sat nervously on the edge of his chair.

"But it's incredible!" he muttered. "I don't know why anyone should desire my death. I know of no one who bears me any ill-will. I've kept pretty much to myself for many years now. In fact, Otis Block was the only person I knew really well at all."

"There's that angle," Jeff said. "Suppose you knew something about Block that made it possible for you to figure out who killed him. In that case the killer would be forced to include you in his murder plans."

The Professor thought about that for a long time. Finally he shook his head. "No," he said. "As far as I know, Otis Block had no enemies, and I know of no one who would profit by his death."

"How long have you known Block?"

"We met some fifteen years ago, Mr. Troy. Otis was the assistant librarian in the college where I taught. We became great friends there. It was a delightful surprise for me to run into him again."

"Was Block engaged in any kind of business here?"

Simons raised his eyebrows inquiringly. "Business? Why, no. What kind of business could an invalid conduct?"

"Did he have a private income?"

"I really don't know, I suppose he must have had, to live as comfortably as he did."

"An income," Jeff said, "or a business. You've never heard him mention any business dealings at all?"

"No, no, never," Simons rose and paced nervously about the room. "It's selfish of me, I know, Mr. Troy, but somehow I cannot concentrate on Otis' death when my own life seems endangered. What am I to do?"

"Your best bet is to do what you have been doing—co-operate with the police. The sooner the killer is found the sooner you'll be safe. But in the meantime I'd avoid dark alleys."

The Professor smiled weakly. "Thank you, I feel more at ease already, knowing that the police are aware of my danger."

He bowed us out into the hall and smack into a strained interlude between Lydia Verlane and her landlady. Lydia, carrying a big green dress-box with the name "Bettine" emblazoned on it, was halfway up the first flight of stairs. An injured, fuming Mrs. Girard blocked her way.

"But you always show me your things, Lydia," she was protesting. "You know how I love seeing them, you have such exquisite taste. And now, just when I need something to take my mind off this tragedy—I think you're being very selfish!"

"You're being very silly!" Lydia flared. "Can't you understand? I just don't want to show you this dress! Let me pass, please!"

She had taken only a few steps, however, when she turned back. Her anger was all gone; remorse and sadness had taken its place. "I'm really sorry, Mrs. Girard. But this dress is . . . Well, the funeral is to-morrow and I had to buy something to wear." With a little muffled sob she raced up the stairs.

Mrs. Girard followed her flight with popping eyes.

"Well! I had no idea she was fond enough of Mr. Block to go into mourning for him!" She turned to Jeff. "I've been thinking. Why don't you and Mrs. Troy take Mr. Block's apartment? I'm sure we could arrange—"

"Some other time," Jeff said quickly. "We're going out now." He grabbed my coat from the newel post where I had dropped it on my way to breakfast and hurried me into it. "Hurry!" he said. "You certainly need a husband! What have you got all over your back?"

I slipped out of my coat and examined it. Smudges of chalk-marks decorated the dark-blue gingham. "That's what I get for sitting on the steps."

"Yes!" Mrs. Girard snapped irritably. "It's that Harvey child with his everlasting chalk! I'm going to report him to Mr. Henley. Mrs. Troy, I have a brush in my room—"

"No, thanks. It's too warm for this coat anyway. I'll get my jacket. Coming, Jeff?"

Ten minutes later we were ready to escape from the house and its landlady. As we stepped into the hall Vincent Charles' door at the other end of the landing was closing. I caught just a glimpse of his brown tweed shoulder before the door settled into its frame.

We went on down the stairs. From the second floor we could hear voices in the parlor below. There was Ginny's boyish alto and Mrs.

Animal Antics



"You just think you got trouble, Mr. Potts . . . here comes MY wife!"

Girard's querulous monotone. Then, unmistakably, the sharp tenor of Vincent Charles.

Jeff stopped. He put his hand on my arm.

I said, "Who was it, then, upstairs?"

He didn't answer. Pivoting, he started up, taking the steps three at a time. And I ran pell-mell after him.

I reached the fourth-floor landing just in time to catch Jeff squaring his shoulders for a frontal assault on the door.

"No!" I shouted. "It isn't locked! The lock is broken."

"He's blocked it!" Jeff flung himself forward.

The door shivered, but remained tight in its frame. Inside we could hear the squeal of furniture dragged across bare floor. There was a crash, and the tinkle of falling glass.

Jeff lunged again, and the door grudgingly gave an inch or two. Now he put his shoulder below the knob and pushed; I helped. Slowly as a tired glacier the door moved in.

Jeff fought his way through the upheaved furniture to the broken window, crawled out on to the fire escape, and disappeared. I sank down on the studio couch and waited.

I knew that the intruder was Collins, and I thought Jeff did, too.

We had both seen his brown tweed coat before the door closed. Paul Collins was wearing a brown tweed suit when he disappeared.

Jeff gingerly angled himself past the jagged pieces of glass in the window-frame and was back in the room. He shook his head at me. "Didn't even catch a glimpse of him."

"Where could he have got to so quickly?"

"It's just a long step from the fire escape to the roof of the house next door." Jeff walked to the other window in the room and looked out of it. "I've got a hunch that was our last chance at the flighty Mr. Collins." Abruptly Jeff tried the window. It moved easily to the top. He started climbing out.

"Darling," I said in a panic. "There's no fire escape out that window. It's four stories down to a concrete walk—come back!"

"I'm going to jump over to that roof from here. If I make it, it may prove something."

Before I could get my hands on him he had crouched and jumped. I closed my eyes.

"Jeff," I called. There was no answer.

I forced open my eyes. He was standing on the roof across the airway, paying no attention to me at all. Something toward the front of our house held him spellbound. "Jeff!" I whispered. "Collins?"

"No," he said, and turned and ran across the roof to the door into the building. I drew back into the room and stood wondering what, if anything, I should be doing. A piece of paper disengaged itself from the mess of books and manuscripts spilled from the desk by Collins, fluttered across the floor, and wrapped itself round my ankle. Mechanically I picked it up.

A gasp came from the doorway. Vincent Charles was gaping at the shambles that was his room. His face was contorted with rage.

"Sneaking into my room!" he shrieked at me. "Searching my room!"

"No," I said. "Paul Collins— He didn't hear me. His rufing eyes were fixed on the piece of paper in my hand. I looked at it. It was a typewritten letter. I saw the words: ' . . . this next Wednesday I shall be in the Tavern, and should you . . . ' And then Vincent snatched the letter from my hands. He thrust it behind his back.

"That's nothing! There's nothing here in my room that could interest anybody but me! Why don't you leave me alone? If I'm suspected of murder, why doesn't Henley say so?" Vincent's voice approached the screaming point. "Why does he send a girl sneaking in here to—"

"Hey, Vincent," Jeff said. He stepped into the room.

"Charles wheeled on him. 'You!' he shouted. 'You and your wife, spying on me!'"

"Vincent," Jeff said disapprovingly, surveying the chaos before him, "can't you keep your room a little more tidy?"

He took my arm and guided me quickly out into the hall. I said, "He thinks that we—"

"Forget about him, HaHa."

We were at Lydia Verlane's door now, and Jeff reached out and turned the knob.

Lydia was fortunate enough to have what Mrs. Girard delighted in calling a suite. There was a fairly-sized living-room, an infinitesimal bedroom, and a bath. Lydia had been there so long that the place had lost its boarding-house look. There were pictures, slip covers for the furniture, bric-a-brac, knick-knacks—all Verlane in spirit. On a davenport lay the Bettine box, opened now.

"Jeff," I whispered, "she's trying on her clothes for the funeral." I pointed to the closed bedroom door. "Let's get out of here."

"Sh. HaHa." He thought for a second and then banged shut the hall door, making as much noise as possible. Immediately the bedroom door opened and Lydia, alarmed, stepped into sight. I looked at her and gasped.

The Lydia who stood before us was not a grief-stricken woman in the drab black of mourning. She was sheathed in white, and her dress, from the tiny feather-stitching on its bodice to the insets of fragile lace in its hem, was completely and undeniably a wedding gown. Lydia would be a stunning bride.

Jeff sighed in genuine admiration. Lydia didn't move. Through tight lips she said, "Listen to me. You don't understand . . . I mean I'm not getting married for a long time. It was silly of me to buy this dress so soon, but I saw it last week and I couldn't resist it."

"Well," Jeff said, "I think you'll be very happy together . . . you and Paul Collins."

"Paul Collins!" She put her hand on Jeff's arm. "Surely you haven't been taken in by Mrs. Girard's gossip. Paul and I were nothing more than friends, hardly that!"

"The police will think it's Collins." She took a deep breath and said: "I am going to marry Antoin Huber."

To be continued

WORTH Reporting

COLOGNE, German city whose capture was recently announced, dates back to 50 A.D., when it was a Roman town. Four centuries later the Franks took it.

The famous cathedral is a 15th century Gothic structure, although it was not completed until 1880.

Medieval Cologne was said to possess as many churches as there are days in the year. In one are reputed to lie the bones of 11,000 English virgins said to have been massacred near Cologne while on a pilgrimage to Rome, and in another the Three Wise Men who went to Bethlehem are said to sleep.

CAR belonging to a busy doctor in a big inland town has been stolen so often that recently the local paper published the following paragraph: "Dr. X's car was not stolen yesterday."

Greens for your girdle

WILD lettuce found on bombed London sites, producing a milky juice from which rubber can be extracted, is one of the discoveries on which botanists are experimenting at Kew Gardens.

Some enthusiasts claim that this wild lettuce can produce rubber as good as the ersatz rubber which the Germans have been using for years. Botanists are also working on tests to determine the best age at which Russian dandelions produce rubber. —"Irish Independent" ("London Letter").

London takes it

SOME idea of the discomfort being endured by London under V bombs can be gained from details released about the vast repairing programme.

About one-third of the building labor of the whole country is at present concentrated in the London area. In addition, 4900 servicemen, most of them with special building qualifications, are assisting, as well as nearly 2000 American troops.

Hotel accommodation had to be provided for more than 25,000, and hundreds of women, and even merchant seamen, mobilised for catering.

Supplies of building materials were stepped-up—output of plaster board, for example, increased from two to four million square feet in four months.

To complete the task 150,000,000 slates are needed, 200,000,000 square feet of ceilings and walls, 50,000,000 square feet of glass.

On their minds

EDITOR of our "What's on Your Mind?" column reports that horrors of tram travel seems to be on everyone's mind.

For every ten letters received on subjects ranging from the falling birthrate to the need for housing plans, there are two about trams.

From all States and suburbs comes this long low wail about children occupying seats when they don't pay fares, people with large parcels pushing other travellers aside, tired business men refusing to give up their seats to women shoppers, and tired business girls attacking men's lack of chivalry in allowing them to stand.

A lot of people are sorry, too, for the poor conductor.



"I assure you, madam, it is only my small son's idea to get some pigeons."

ARTY AUNTIE

THOUGH not a bad old party, Aunt Agatha, who's arty, has a passion for improving people's minds. And she never can refrain, when travelling on a train, from seizing every opening she finds. She talks of Higher Things, or a snatch of Lieber sings. To passengers who can't, poor things, escape her. And—that is even worse—she buys little books of verse. And throws them to the men who call out "Paper!"

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Not known

JUST before the war Alan Herbert (A. P. Herbert) dined with the German Ambassador at the Embassy in Carlton House Terrace.

The Ambassador's wife, Frau Dirksen, said, a little too pointedly: "Mr. Herbert, you are called a humorist. Please tell me, what are humorists?"

To which he gravely replied: "Madam, I find that rather difficult to explain. You see, you don't have them in your country."

Gonwanaland

FIXING of certain European frontiers offers some knotty problems, but just fancy if Gonwanaland was on to-day's map of the world!

This ancient land-mass is said to have included not only Australia and India, but also South Africa and Brazil.

In his book, "Australia Nature Studies," J. A. Leach, D.Sc. (Vic.), says an important link in the evidence of Gonwanaland's existence is a fossilised fernleaf, "Gangamopteris," found in parts of Australia and also in the other countries named.

THE boy wrote on the grocery order, "S.N."

Asked by the grocer what the letters meant, he replied, "She wants 'em 'sift noon."

Souvenirs

THERE have been lots of tales about the business acumen of the Australians in the South-west Pacific areas who make souvenirs and sell them to Allied servicemen.

Among them is the story of the naval rating who manufactured a "genuine" Japanese flag from some pieces of silk and on it printed some Japanese letters which he copied from a packet of Jap cigarettes.

This has recently been capped by the efforts of some Americans on a shore base in Saipan. They become expert at making native grass skirts and when an American warship came into the harbor they borrowed a canoe, from a friendly natives, and did themselves out with their cargo of skirts and sold the lot to their brothers-in-arms.

Film Reviews

★★ TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR

AN extremely thin and hopelessly padded story provides MGM with an excuse to introduce a fantastic number of specialty numbers from Gracie Allen to Jose Iturbi.

The story, what little there is, centres on Van Johnson as a sailor who turns out to be a multi-millionaire.

He gets romantically entangled with June Allyson and Gloria De Haven, finances a super-luxurious canteen with the attendant overabundance of bands, variety acts, and celebrities.

The orchestra of Harry James and Xavier Cugat supply rhythm; Lena Horne sings; Gracie Allen contributes an amusing one-finger piano concerto; and Jimmy Durante completely steals the show with his frenzied comedy.—St. James; showing.

★★ GREENWICH VILLAGE

A PART from appealing newcomer Vivian Blaine, this musical has little to distinguish it from any other Fox musical. The lush technicolor, the thin story, the same stars (Carmen Miranda and Don Ameche) are still there and this frequent repetition does nothing to enhance them.

This is an effective debut for Miss Blaine. She is beautifully photographed, and has an attractive singing voice, but her acting is immature as yet.

Set in the early 1920's, the story

revolves round a speakeasy, with William Bendix the proprietor, Carmen Miranda a fortune-teller, and Ameche the struggling composer.—Regent; showing.

★ PIN-UP GIRL

FOX have whipped up a lavish little potpourri of songs, dances, and hectic color to provide a background for their favorite glamor girl, Betty Grable. The result, however, is an hour and a half of uninspired entertainment.

The story is as frothy as they come, its only purpose being to provide the thread on which to add scene after scene of spectacle, eye-catching costumes—and Miss Grable. John Harvey is the likeable young man who is Betty's heart-interest, but his stereotyped role offers few opportunities.

Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye, and Eugene Pallette are included in the cast to take care of the comedy angle, and it isn't their fault that the script is so rarely funny they hardly raise a laugh—in spite of the fact that they work frantically for it.—Empire; showing.

★ GYPSY WILDCAT

IN this over-spectacular technicolor piece from Universal Studios Maria Montez is a gypsy dancing girl instead of a South Sea Island princess. Of course, she does turn out to be a countess in disguise, and the rest of the trimmings are pretty much set to the routine pattern.

All the ingredients of an old-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

time adventure film are included—minus the thrills.

Miss Montez is obviously in her element with the role of the flirtatious gypsy. She photographs superbly in color, but her acting leaves plenty to be desired.

In contrast with Maria's enjoyment, hero Jon Hall is notably unhappy. He swims moats and does more than his quota of gallantries, but his heart just doesn't seem to be in it.—Lyceum; showing.

★ ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS

IN America this United Artists film was probably rated bright entertainment, but the "Abroad" refers to Australia, and to most Australians this film will merely be an irritant.

The numerous blunders concerning this country are unforgivable, for surely it would be a simple matter to check on such information.

The story revolves round a couple of Marines (William Bendix and Dennis O'Keefe), who, after a battle in the Pacific, arrive in Australia ready for a good time, and proceed to break every known military law. Further complications are added

THE next night, which is Friday, George and I are sitting on the porch of the barracks when the orderly-room funky comes up and jerks his thumb at George.

"McKeller," he says, "Captain Pullen wants to see you at Colonel Boll's quarters right away. And the captain says to bring another guy along; so you go with him, Spence," he says to me.

We change as fast as we can and hit out on the double for the officers' quarters.

Someone is walking up and down the floor most impatient when we knock at the door.

"Come in!" a voice roars. We enter. Captain Pullen is seated on the edge of his chair, and pacing up and down the room is a nervous, wiry little man with several days' beard on his face and several weeks' hair on his head.

We snap to attention and salute. George steps out in front, like he is in command. Before I can say anything he rattles off, "Privates McKeller and Spence reporting as ordered, sir."

"At ease, men," the captain says. "Colonel Boll has just returned from manoeuvres and his orderly is absent. He asked me for a couple of men to help him out."

"We will be glad to help him, sir," George says, and smiles.

"Private McKeller is the man I was telling you about, sir," the captain says. "And now, if you will excuse me, I will go and prepare for the general's party myself."

The captain practically runs out of the room, like he is glad to get away. George winks, like he thinks a commission is in the bag. But the colonel puts an end to this day-dreaming.

"Private Spence," he barks at me. "I have got to get ready to go to a party at the general's to-night. So try and put a little polish on my shoes. And then you can take my car and get my uniform at the post tailor's. Private McKeller, I've laid out my razor and a pair of scissors on the bed. Take off your coat and get to work. I need a shave and haircut badly, and I got in too late to go to the post barber's."

George stands there gaping for wind. This is no commission, leastwise not like he expects. He looks round helplessly.

The colonel sits bolt upright in a chair.

"Commence!" he orders crisply. "But, sir—" George starts. It seems only fair to tell the colonel he has never given a shave or haircut in his life.

"Do not 'but' me," the colonel



WEARING her official going-to-war ensemble, famous Hollywood star Marlene Dietrich chats with a group of Wacs at the headquarters of the 12th Army group, somewhere in France. Marlene is touring the fighting areas entertaining Service men and women.

when they both fall in love with Helen Walker.

There are a few snappy touches of comedy, but the humor is frankly slapstick.—Plaza; showing.

★ HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

IF it is plain, unvarnished horror you seek, this film should very neatly fill the bill.

Used singly, Frankenstein, Dracula, and the Wolf Man are usually sufficient to provide chills for anyone's spine, but just to make no

doubt about it Universal have whipped them all into one film.

The leading role goes to Boris Karloff, who does well as the mad scientist with a passion for transplanting brains. J. Carroll Nash gives his standard good performance as the hunchback assistant.

Lon Chaney as the Wolf Man and John Carradine as Dracula add considerably to the standard of horror, and guarantee that your nerves will be stretched to breaking-point.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

George Uses His Head

Continued from page 4

roars—so loud I drop a shoe. Then he calms down. But he remains as positive as ever. "I know," he says. "You got into trouble cutting hair in the barracks and are afraid you might get into trouble if you cut hair here. Forget it; I will take care of that. Now get started!"

George's mouth opens and shuts, but no sound comes forth. Slowly he picks up the towel and wraps it round the colonel's neck. He picks up the razor and inspects it gingerly. It is a safety razor, so George goes ahead and shaves the colonel, because he figures he can't do much damage. And it is the slowest shave I ever see.

The colonel fidgets in his chair. Two or three times he tells George to step on it, that that party he wants to go to is to-night and not next month. So George has to stop stalling and start on the hair.

George takes a tuft of hair in his fingers like barbers do. Then he squints, and shoves the scissors toward that hair he holds. His hand shakes so, I am afraid he might cut off his thumb. But he cannot get the scissors within six inches of that hair. He is paralysed from fear. He snips the scissors a couple of times, and then looks at me. His eyes are wild, glassy.

"START cutting!" the colonel grunts. "There is plenty there, so I want to see a lot of it come off. And you, soldier," he says to me, "go for my uniform before the tailor closes."

As I walk by George I try to give him a little encouragement. "Now is the time to use that head you are always talking about," I whisper.

When I get back I expect to find anyway a couple of M.P.s hauling George away to the clinic. But when I open the door, there is George, whistling away while he sweeps up a mess of hair that is on the floor. He has his hat on and is ready to go. It is all finished. And I hear the colonel singing in his room.

"Your uniform is here, sir," I call to the colonel.

"Thank you," he calls back. His voice is very pleasant. "That is all, men, and I appreciate very much what you have done to help me. And, Private McKeller, don't worry about K.P. any longer. I will see Captain Pullen to-night and ask that you be taken off that. Good-night!"

I am stunned. There is a wheel loose somewhere. I know George

is no barber. And here is the colonel complimenting him.

"What happens?" I ask.

"Oh, nothing," he says. "Of course, I am worried at first. But when you tell me to use my head, I see this is what I got to do. I can't just stand there. So I grab a big bunch of the colonel's hair in my left hand, and snip those scissors with my right hand. And this time I really cut some hair. And once started, I cut hair like I am trimming a hedge. I fill the colonel's lap with hair, until he is satisfied. But I got to confess, I am very happy there are no mirrors round while I am barbering."

I hand George a cigarette, and when he lights the match I see his face is white and drawn. He inhales deep and blows out slow.

"Finally," he went on, "I figure I have cut off enough hair, so I use a lot of vaseline and water on the colonel's head, so his hair stays down when I comb it back. And you see how pleased he is when he looks into the mirror. And that is that."

We walk along in silence. I still cannot understand. Suddenly I think of something. "What about that date you have me break for you tomorrow night?" I ask.

"You do not understand," George says. His voice is most bitter. "I do not want to go. I cannot go. I like Patricia very much, and I want her to like me. But after I tell her the general lets me keep my long hair she will never like me seriously if she sees me looking like I look now. You see, I never dare cut any hair from the colonel's head. What I do is grab hold of his hair with my left hand, and with my right hand I cut hunk of my own hair, so it falls down in his lap and on the floor. Then I slick his hair down so slick he does not wise up. He looks all right, but now look at me."

He stops under a light and takes off his hat. I see why he does not want to go to the dance. George has the worst haircut I ever see. His long, wavy hair is gone, and what hair is left is short and scrappy.

He sees my look of astonishment.

"Anyway," he says, "you cannot say I do not use my head this time."

(Copyright)

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HIGHLIGHTS 2GB of the WEEK

SUNDAY

"The Man I Might Have Married" 7.13 p.m.
Romantic cautions from real life.

MONDAY

"The Defender" 12.45 p.m.
E. J. Trivette's best-seller serialised for radio.
MONDAY TO THURSDAY

TUESDAY

"Mrs. 'Obbs'" 7.30 p.m.
Roaring comedy with the lady with cologne "dedication".
MONDAY TO THURSDAY

WEDNESDAY

"Movie News and Music" 1.45 p.m.
The latest hits and news from the movie world.
MONDAY TO FRIDAY

THURSDAY

"First Light Fraser" 7.15 p.m.
Exciting adventures in the camp of the enemy.
MONDAY TO THURSDAY

FRIDAY

"The Todds" 7.15 p.m.
Fun with the irrepressible Terry and Grace Todd.

SATURDAY

"Hill-Billy Round-Up" 9.30 p.m.
With Hank and the boys from "them" their hills.

KEY STATION of the MACQUARIE NETWORK



• ELLA RAINES recently celebrated her twenty-first birthday on the Universal set of "The Suspect," in which she co-stars with Charles Laughton. In private life Ella is Mrs. Kenneth Trout. Her husband is a captain in the U.S. Air Force.



• DOROTHY LAMOUR is again co-starred with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope for Paramount's "Road to Utopia." Dorothy is a tireless worker for the Hollywood Canteen, and has also sold more war bonds than any other single individual.

Movie World



• DEANNA DURBIN makes her debut in technicolor in Universal's "Can't Help Singing," and is then scheduled for the lead in a light, modern comedy, "The Lady on the Train." War conditions permitting, Deanna hopes to do a concert tour of South America this year.



• RUTH WARRICK has scored many successes in Hollywood since Orson Welles first introduced her along with the rest of his Mercury Theatre Group. Ruth was formerly a well-known radio actress, and her latest film is "China Skies," with Randolph Scott.

VIM
brings back
lustre to pots
& pans
CLEANS SMOOTHLY

A LEVER PRODUCT

Handy
in Home
& Garden

HAR BUTT'S
'Plasticine'

The ever-plastic material
with
a 101 domestic uses

Quick Way to Relieve HAEMORRHOIDS

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal treatment must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion, and strengthens the affected parts.

Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid.

Graham Greene thriller



1 HELPED by fortune teller at a bazaar, Stephen (Ray Milland) wins a cake. Later, during bombing raid, a mysterious man tries to kill him and steal cake.



2 TRYING to solve mystery Stephen meets Carla (Marjorie Reynolds) and brother Willi, who promise to help.



3 WILLI (Carl Esmond) and Stephen go to a party at home of Mrs. Bellaine (Hillary Brooke), when the lights go on a man is discovered dead and guests accuse Stephen of murdering him.



4 STEPHEN escapes and informs police, who reveal mystery is connected with theft of vital war films.



5 FOLLOWING up clues, Stephen discovers the man he was supposed to have murdered is still alive.



6 ASSISTED by Carla, Stephen discovers Willi is leader of spy ring, but as he confesses his guilt other enemy agents form a trap, surround building.

"ROMANCE COMPLEXIONS WIN OUT"

says
**JOAN
FONTAINE**

In an actual statement,
20th Century Fox star.



Joan Fontaine

"I use
Lux Toilet Soap
every day"

Here's a tip from a star as lovely as she is famous! "Lux Toilet Soap is a wonderful beauty aid," says Joan Fontaine; "it leaves skin feeling so wonderfully smooth and soft." Why not take Joan Fontaine's advice and make this pure, white soap your skin care? Tests show that 3 out of 4 complexions improve with Lux Toilet Soap in a very short time.

**9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS
USE LUX TOILET SOAP**

LT.140.36

Screen stars are right! A daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath has done wonders for my skin. And so quickly!



Ministry of Fear

PARAMOUNT purchased the screen rights to Graham Greene's mystery novel, "Ministry of Fear," months before its publication. It is the second work of this English author of best-sellers which Paramount has transformed into a film. The first was "This Gun for Hire," which spelt stardom for Alan Ladd.

Well known for his use of the screen medium for psychological and symbolic interpretations of plot, Director Fritz Lang had plenty of opportunities in the film.

New technique

VIRTUALLY the entire action of the story takes place within the vision of its principal character, Ray Milland. The effect is to put the audience in the position of seeing everything that happens through the eyes of one person. Seeing no more or no less than he, the audience thus is on a par with the character at all times in unravelling the mystery plot.

"Ministry of Fear" is Ray Milland's forty-third motion picture since arriving in Hollywood from England, and during the production of this film Paramount presented him with a new contract for seven years, with no options provided, thereby establishing for him an unbroken tenure of sixteen years' service with one studio.

This film also represented a turning point in the career of its feminine star, Marjorie Reynolds. This attractive blonde won success when she was taken out of minor roles in Westerns to star with Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby in "Holiday Inn." In this film she has her first dramatic lead.

*Star-like
Loveliness*

ANN SOTHERN
MGM Star

Max Factor
Hollywood & London

REPRESENTATIVES FOR AUSTRALIA: FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON, BOX 1943, G.P.O. SYDNEY

Evan Williams
shampoo
**PROTECTS.
PRESERVES.
BEAUTIFIES.**

BISTO
makes all meat dishes
more tasty

BISTO GRAVY WILL BE SERVED AGAIN WHEN PEACE COMES.

NEW SEASON GLAMOR ... in warm, lovely colors

● Go dining and dancing in soft sheer woollen, featuring a crossover bodice and interesting new skirt. Make it festive with a glamorous little headpiece—the small, flat type with net and pearls, or a twist of velvet with a ruffle of sequin-scattered tulle. (Below.)

● For spectator sports a green wool coat in herringbone tweed. It is raglan style and collarless and garnished with fringe trimming. With it wear a cover-up snood in contrasting woollen. (Above.)

● A dress and matching coat in autumn brown, with appliqued yellow flowers cut out from the same material as the frock. The saucy beret sketched at the top is piled with a cluster of yellow flowers, and deftly completes the outfit. (Left.)

Gene



I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills are wonderful for Constipation, Headaches, Backaches, Indigestion and Stomach troubles. They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit—to keep you well in Nature's way. Start a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get genuine Ford Pills in the unbreakable tubes that (for your protection) are now sealed with a Red Seal. You can get large size tubes only just now for 2/6 everywhere.

Look for the Red Seal encircling every tube.

FORD PILLS

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDENE



Women who suffer from migraine, Medico says, are usually quick, eager, and tense by temperament.

To combat migraine

● Sufferers must learn to live calmly, cut out the rush and tear, mental strain and stress.

By MEDICO

BRIGHT-EYED Susan Freeman was the senior clerk in a large office. Her work

seemed to be one crisis after another. She was responsible for an inexperienced staff, there were many rush jobs.

"I think I'm getting appendicitis, doctor," said Susan as she toyed with the handle of her handbag. "For the last few months I have been getting sick headaches every week or so. Lately, they've been getting worse, and now I get really sick, and have pains in my tummy."

"Have you ever noticed anything that might bring on these turns?" I asked.

"Sometimes it seems to be a specially worrying day at the office. One time a noise from a motor back-fire in the street set me off."

"Which comes first, the headache or the sick feeling?" I asked.

"It's usually the headache, but I feel nauseated and have gastric pains soon after. Is there any stomach sedative or diet I can take to stop the turns, or will I need an operation?"

"I have some news for you," I replied. "You do not need an operation; a gastric sedative will do you no good; and a diet will have no effect."

"Well, what's the cause of my trouble?"

"It's migraine," I told her. "This condition is usually found in women who are quick, eager, and tense by temperament, just as you are. Do you find that strain or excitement leaves you weak and exhausted?"

"After I've finished a hectic day at the office I can hardly put my lipstick on straight, I'm so shaken and hot-up," said Susan.

"Exactly," I replied. "The first thing you have to do is to get another job. Nothing could be worse for a sufferer from your trouble than the type of work you're doing."

"But I can't let the office down. They're short-staffed already, and the chief is such a difficult man to handle," protested Susan, with some agitation in her voice.

"Whether you like it or not, your health will let the office down very soon," I replied. "And the chief will either have to learn to be easier to handle, or else he'll have to employ an impassive amazon." (If there is such a woman, heaven forbid.)

"So you see that both you and the office needn't sink together. I'm going to send you home for a month's holiday, the first ten days of which you will spend in bed. After that you must look for a job that's smooth and routine, free from alarms and excursions. Send your

New plants for old



CAUGHT OUT! Little Marcia Brogden Jones, about to pick a petunia, is the 20-months-old daughter of W.O. H. B. Jones, of the Navy, and Mrs. Jones, of Bellevue Hill, New South Wales.

SOFTWOOD cuttings are those made from shoots that are still actively growing and are taken from hardy shrubs during spring and summer.

Half-ripe wood cuttings are those taken from half-ripe wood when the shoots have finished growth, but are not yet mature—and January-February-March are the best months for taking them.

Hardwood cuttings are made from fully mature shoots or branches, generally of the current year's growth.

They can be struck direct in moist sand. They make little or no growth during winter, but callus over during the cold months and make good growth when the weather warms up. They should then be set out into good quality moist soil and will quickly develop into strong shrubs or trees.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

prospective boss to me before you take the job, and I'll tell you whether he's the right man for you to work for."

"Will you give me something for the headache, doctor?"

"I'll give you a prescription for some special powders to take as soon as you notice the first sign. These powders will not irritate the stomach like the usual headache powders do. But even the powders I am prescribing are only of secondary importance."

"What's first priority?" asked Susan.

"To transform your temperament," I replied. "You must learn to walk quietly, think clearly, work slowly and carefully, and live calmly. It's a long and determined process, but it will do more for you in the long run than all the powders, gastric sedatives and operations put together."

"In short, you have to learn to meet migraine. The first step is to reorganise your environment so that you are free from mental stresses. You're quite the wrong type to work in an office that keeps fizzing."



With Listerine Tooth Paste you need just a small amount to do a real cleansing job. Why? Because only the finest dental powders are used, free from grit and harmful abrasive. Every atom works for you. Start using this money-saving, long-lasting dentifrice to-day.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large, generous size Tube, 1/34

QUALITY HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY ON UNDERWEAR

No Need to Wear Glasses ...

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

Shortsight, Longsight, Astigmatism, FAULING-SIGHT, SQUINT, TURNED EYES, STRAINED, TIRED EYES, EYE HEADACHES OR ANY OTHER EYE WEAKNESS

(except Diseased eyes) you owe it to yourself to investigate Eyesight Training, which treats the cause and not the effect of these eye troubles. Men, women and children of all ages, from 5 to 75, have come to see me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone away relieved and hopeful again. I have helped hundreds of people to perfect eyesight again without the necessity for wearing glasses. These include men about to enter the Air Force, Sailors and Soldiers, Women for the Services, Engine Drivers, Chauffeurs, Policemen, men, women and



children from all ranks and conditions of life and all callings people whose living depends upon their eyes. No matter what your age, if this makes you say to yourself, "That's me!" call or write enclosing 2/6d. stamp for postage for full information and my Free Booklet, "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses" (circulation is Free) to EYESIGHT TRAINING (Ferguson System), MANCHESTER UNIFY BUILDING, 183 Elizabeth St., Sydney, N.S.W. MA3433. And at 1st Floor, Union Bank Chambers, The Causeway, 286 Lt Collins St. (Causeway Entrance), Melbourne, Vic. Cent. 2423.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB... YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCRUB WITH RINSO



IT'S THE MODERN WAY TO WASH. RINSO'S RICHER SUDS GIVE US BRIGHTER LINENS. THERE'S NO NEED FOR OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS.



AND THAT MEANS FAR LONGER LIFE FOR CLOTHES. RINSO BRINGS A NEW ORDER TO WASHDAY.



2-142-26

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

2/- jar **ARRID**



BACK AGAIN IN FULL SUPPLY

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

SCHUMANN'S
MINERAL SPRING
SALTS

EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES



Cuticura
SAFETY FIRST
USE

Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals.

Guticura
SOAP, OINTMENT, TALCUM



MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
Soothe TIRED BURNING EYES!

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning will bring amazing relief. Ask your chemist.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

TO-DAY— GREY HAIR IS TABOO!

Banish greyness and buy back 10 years of your life!

INECTO
HAIR COLOURING

SPECIAL STYLES



ABOVE: Sleek, smart style for you whose hair has grown beyond bob-length. A soft, very feminine style that's bound to win nearly all hearts is shown left.

● Perhaps you're tired of your hair, sick to death of pinning it up night after night... Perhaps you don't know what "cut" to have, or you haven't time or the inclination for another rushed perm. Consider, then, one of these smart styles, each designed to defeat a special difficulty.

By MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert



TRY IT! If you can wear this hair-style you're tops, for it's most flattering with or without bow.

For young mothers

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MANY young mothers have failed to make a success of natural feeding because certain painful conditions of the breast have arisen early in the nursing period.

These cause such intense suffering that they have a mental and a physical effect on the mother and adversely affect the supply of breast-milk.

In some cases the babe has to be weaned in the first month or two, and is thus deprived of the food that is its birthright.

A leaflet dealing with the prevention of these complications has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney.



If you have no perm left in your hair, except for some tiny straggly curls at the tips, then here's a good style for you to adopt (note picture at left). To do it you need a small snood, a length of veiling or ribbon, and a couple of pins or combs.

Thread the veiling through one side of your snood, and tuck your end-curls inside the snood, tying the veil in a soft bow as shown. You'll find your curls will fill up the snood best if they are curled outwards. Then divide the front hair in three with a side parting. Brush the two side pieces back, tuck them over the veil band, holding them in place with combs if necessary. Brush up the front piece, pompadour fashion, and tuck the back into the veil on one side of the bow.

Now look at the centre picture. This style needs no pins, combs, or grips, but you'll need one of the new, short cuts.

Remember that short cuts vary in length, and a skilful hairdresser will give you one that suits your hair type. Very strong, wiry, naturally wavy hair can take the shortest cut; fine, soft, floppy hair needs a cut about the length I show here. Have the hair cut and set so that you can brush it back from the forehead and temples and so that it falls in little soft curls round your nape.

Then all you have to do in the way of dressing it out is to run a comb through front and sides, comb out the back curls, and finish with a swift smoothing with a brilliant-tined brush. If your hair is very soft and unmanageable, a narrow ribbon will hold curls in place.

If your hair has grown too long to manage as a bob, then copy the hair style shown top-right. It is a more up-to-date version of an "up style" that will make you look as sleek and smart as if you had a new, very short cut.

Make a side parting and roll back the front piece in a long slanting curl, pressing in a long wave if there's still enough perm. Now roll up the side piece on the right of your face, to make a very long wing curl sweeping from temple down to ear.

Then take all the back hair, comb it across your head from right to left, turn in the ends to make a long roll all down the left side of your head. One long comb or several pins will secure this roll, which should reach from the crown down to the nape.

Announcing a PROFESSIONAL Home Study Course in DRESS DESIGNING & CUTTING

By Designer-in-Chief of Leading Fashion House.



WELL PAID POSITIONS

In the past few years dress creation has become one of the most important industries in every country. For an smart, dressing depends much of a woman's happiness and much of the prestige of her husband. The top dress-designers earn anything from £400 to £2000 per year. Now decentralization of the clothing industry has created a large number of additional positions in every part of Australia. Wherever you live there are almost certainly good opportunities for you or your daughter. There are highly paid positions in new clothing factories everywhere, and opportunities to commence business on your own in almost every large town.

YOU CAN BE THE BEST DRESSED IN YOUR SET

Perfection of fit is of paramount importance in to-day's styling; that is why the more successful designers invariably prepare a FOUNDATION DRAFT upon which to plan and infuse interest in their creations. This "foundation draft," which is actually a contour outline or architectural plan of the human figure, enables the designer to produce his own patterns, which in turn can be manipulated to produce the most fascinating effects. Many will take this course because of the great savings to be made by designing and cutting their own and their families' clothes professionally. Many others will take it because of the feeling of independence and security it gives them. Circumstances change in the lives of all of us, and none can tell when they will be called upon to support themselves. Clothes are always needed, so are designers and cutters. Mr. Lindsay does not claim to have a magic wand which makes you a dress designer overnight. Nor does he offer to train you at a bargain price, but the fee that £3 is less than it would cost you for just one of the many beautiful models this course will enable YOU to make.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If after perusing the first two lessons you are not entirely satisfied, you may return the lessons, and fees paid will be refunded in full. Any further information you require about the course will be forwarded without obligation.

'Wouldn't it slay you!'



and it does!

Mortein kills 'em stone dead!

When buying insect spray insist on

MORTEIN

When you're on a good thing—stick to it!

say the flies and mosquitoes

—say the flies and mosquitoes

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CREAMED FISH AND CAPSICUM in cheese pastry-cases served cold with salad vegetables . . . suitable for Friday, delicious for Sunday supper, or easily packed for Monday's picnic.

For Easter Week End

Fish for Good Friday, candy eggs for children, family dinner for Easter Day, picnic basket for Monday . . . these are the Easter food traditions.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE American Easter motif is the gay and sprightly rabbit. It bobs over greeting cards, it turns up in Easter favors, it even cheerfully finds its way into Easter menus.

We Australians favor more strongly the European Easter egg and chicken tradition, and even the least traditional among us serve the simple fish or meatless menu on Good Friday and turn festive on Easter Sunday.

For Easter Eggs

The giving of eggs to the children at Easter is an ancient ceremony. The gaily decorated egg symbolises the end of winter and mourning, the blossoming of spring, the beginning of new life. In the Christian festivity the egg has become emblematic of the Resurrection.

Even window-shopping for Easter eggs was fun in pre-war days . . . their trappings were so splendid, great blue bows of ribbons, gilt and tinzel garnishings, fluffy golden chickens, cuddly Easter rabbits. I remember seeing an exhibition in the Russian Embassy in London of jewelled Easter eggs, fabulous, ex-

quisite things from the courts of the Czars.

Tradition dies hard, and we will go shopping again soon. Meanwhile it's fun to make these Easter favors at home.

For Chocolate Eggs: Melt block chocolate over boiling water, and beat well. Thoroughly chill small egg moulds (egg-cups) and brush out with salad oil. Wipe out with soft paper, and coat with melted chocolate and chill. Carefully unmould, and join the two half moulds together with more melted chocolate or royal icing, and decorate with piped royal icing. A tiny Easter token can be enclosed in the egg.

For Jelly Eggs: Pierce an egg-shell at one end, pricking the yolk, and drain out the yolk and white, reserving for further use. Rinse with cold water, and then fill with prepared jelly. Set in egg-cup, and chill until firm, carefully crack and remove shell, and decorate as liked.

For Marzipan Eggs: Color a mock marzipan (equal quantities of icing sugar and breadcrumbs, bound with egg-yolk and lemon juice, and flavored with almond essence), and mould into egg shapes. Dip in melted chocolate if liked, and decorate with piped royal icing.

For Fondant Eggs: Prepare a fondant by boiling 2 cups sugar, 1 cup water, and 2 tablespoons glucose to 238deg. F., or until it forms a soft

ball in cold water, pouring on to flat wet surface, and working with spatula or spoon until creamy; color and flavor as liked, and mould into small egg shapes.

For Decorated Breakfast Eggs: Make tiny gay caps for boiled breakfast eggs, and write a motto or sketch a face on each egg before serving for Easter Sunday breakfast.

Simple fish dishes

(Suitable for Good Friday)

CREAMED FISH

Make a plain white sauce by melting 1½ dessertspoons of butter, stirring in 1½ dessertspoons of flour, and then slowly adding 2 cups milk, stirring well and simmering for 3 minutes. Add 2 cups fish which has been flaked after steaming over boiling water until white and tender, about 10 minutes. Season with salt and lemon juice. For three or four.

For variations try:—

Creamed fish with chopped par-boiled capsicums.

Creamed fish with chopped hard-boiled eggs and celery.

Creamed fish over chopped cooked spinach, sprinkled with grated cheese and breadcrumbs, and browned in the oven.

Creamed fish placed in casserole in layers with cooked spaghetti in tomato puree, breadcrumbs on top, and browned in oven.

Creamed fish served hot or cold in cheese-dressed pastry-cases.

Creamed fish served in baked jacket potato-cases, sprinkled with cheese and baked in oven.

Creamed fish as filling for capsicum cooked in tomato puree sauce in a casserole, 30 to 40 minutes, in moderate oven.

FISH CAKES

Steam fish, any type, for fish cakes over boiling water. Flake fish, carefully removing bones. Combine with thick white sauce and breadcrumbs, or with mashed potato, and season with salt, pepper, and lemon. Form into cakes, and coat with seasoned flour or egg and breadcrumbs, and deep-fry.

For variations try experiments with seasonings and sauces. Try the addition of chopped capsicum,

celery, chives, grated cheese, pinch of thyme or marjoram, mustard, chopped hard-boiled egg, tomato pulp. Serve hot with mayonnaise or cream sauce or tomato puree or simply with lemon wedges dusted with powdered parsley.

FISH CASSEROLES

Suitable for boned filets of fish. Place the fish in flat or rolled filets in a casserole. Thinly sliced potato, sliced onion, chopped celery, diced carrots may be added. Season in layers. A pinch of thyme or marjoram may be added. Cover with hot milk, place on lid, and cook in a slow oven (325-350deg. F.) for 35 to 45 minutes, or until all ingredients are tender. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, replace in oven, uncovered, and brown.

For Easter Sunday

Easter Day is a day of rejoicing and family festival. Lent is over, and family tradition—in England, in America, in Europe—breaks fast at high noon after Easter morning church.

Plan a menu that is gaily colored, easily prepared, and easily extended for post-lunch visitors.

This menu can be placed on the table twenty minutes after one arrives home from morning church.

1.—Orange Juice and Honey

Cocktail.

Creole Chicken (or Rabbit)

Scalloped Potatoes Green Peas

Green Salad.

Caramel Cream with Pineapple

Chunks

For the Orange Juice and Honey Cocktail: Allow ½ lemon to every 2 oranges, sweeten to taste with honey, chill thoroughly, dip moistened edge of glasses in sugar and finely chopped mint, and serve a cherry in each glass.

For the Creole Chicken: Cut a fowl about 3lb. in pieces and place in casserole with 3 tablespoons chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 cups tomato puree, 2 cups water, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon covered parsley, ½ teaspoon salt. Cover and cook very slowly (325deg. F.) for 1½ to 2 hours. This can be placed in oven before one goes to church. Serve with scalloped potatoes cooked in the same oven or quickly cooked spaghetti or freshly

made cheese scones and with green peas. Correct seasoning with salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce or sherry before serving. For four to six.

For the Caramel Cream: Make a caramel syrup by browning 1 cup sugar in a heavy pan over low heat and stirring into it ½ cup of boiling water, simmering until the caramel is dissolved. Blend 1½ tablespoons cornflour in ½ cup cold milk, and stir slowly into 1½ cups of milk heated with 2 tablespoons of brown sugar. Cook over boiling water for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla and about 2 tablespoons of the caramel syrup. A dash of sherry may be added. Pour into a wet mould and chill until firm. Serve with pineapple chunks glazed with honey and sprinkled with chopped mint. For four.

This next menu is more breakfast than lunch, takes the place of both, and can be served at noon on Sunday when the evening meal is the main menu of the day. The Americans call it brunch.

Spiced Apple Juice.

Browned Sausage Cakes with Bacon Crisps and Creamed Onions. Pineapple and Banana Fritters. Coffee

For the Spiced Apple Juice: Flavor the tart juice strained from stewed apples with spice and freshly chopped mint. Sweeten very lightly and serve very hot or very cold. Tiny cheese biscuits, very crisp, may be served with this juice.

For the Creamed Onions: Quarter the onions, cook in milk, and when tender thicken the milk with flour, add a nut of butter and cook over boiling water for 5 to 10 minutes. Season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. Chopped parsley may be added.

For the Pineapple and Banana Fritters: Sift 1 cup flour, pinch of salt, and 1 teaspoon baking powder, add 1 tablespoon sugar, and stir to a smooth batter with 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon melted shortening, and 1 cup milk. Add to this 1 cup diced pineapple and 2 or 3 sliced bananas. Fry in tuming hot deep fat, drain on paper and serve hot and freshly made. Delicious with a sauce of honey and lemon juice. For four.

Continued on page 31

COUPON SAVER... prize recipe



COLD WEATHER COMING... stoke up with extra calories, serving pastries and puddings. Use short or flaky pastry for meat-pies, veal and ham, steak and kidney, curried lamb.

SHOULDER of lamb is one of the sweetest and most delicately flavored cuts of meat.

The browned pineapple stuffing of this week's first prize not only makes it more delicious, but extends the meat to many more servings. The stuffing of steaks and joints with bread and vegetable seasonings certainly does the trick in a most satisfactory way.

The stuffing need not be highly

seasoned with herbs and spices, but can be made quite suitable for children and digestion-conscious adults.

Note also other recipes that win prizes for readers in our popular recipe contest:

SHOULDER OF LAMB WITH PINEAPPLE FILLING

One boned shoulder, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup shredded pineapple, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 cup pineapple juice, pinch ginger.



BREADCRUMBS make a steamed pudding feather light and economise on eggs. The pudding shown above is made with 1lb. breadcrumbs, 2oz. suet, 1 1/2lb. finely chopped apples, sweetened, steamed 3 hours and served with sauce.

Fry onion in a little dripping until tender, add breadcrumbs, fry golden brown, remove from fire and add salt, pepper, parsley, and pineapple. Stuff boned shoulder and tie up securely. Rub over with fat and ginger. Put in a baking-dish, pour over 1 cup pineapple juice, and bake in a moderate oven, basting well, allowing 30 minutes to each pound. Serve hot with vegetables or cold with salad.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Kensington Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

ROSE-HIP SYRUP

Two pounds of ripe rose-hips, 1lb. sugar, 4 1/2 pints boiling water. Drop minced hips into 3 pints of boiling water. Bring to the boil again, remove from heat and stand aside for 15 minutes, then strain through a jelly bag. Reserve juice, return pulp to pan with remaining 1 1/2 pints boiling water, stir well and

allow to stand for 10 minutes. Pour back into jelly bag and allow to drip. Put all juice into a clean pan and boil down to 1 1/2 pints. Add sugar, boil 5 minutes longer, then bottle.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Dell, 206 York St., South Melbourne.

TURNIP AND CARROT PUFFS

One pound young carrots, small bunch young turnips, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 1 egg, pepper and salt. Scrape carrots, peel turnips. Boil in salted water until tender, then chop finely. Add a little salt and pepper to sifted flour, mix in shortening and chopped vegetables. Shape into scones, dust with flour, dip in well-beaten egg, and fry in hot fat until golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

Look forward... keep smiling



ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Eno is now in short supply for civilians because the needs of the Services, especially in the tropics and sub-tropics, must come first. So please use your supply sparingly because Eno is on active service. The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

Lily wilted in that hot-house HEAT then...



'B.O.' cut her out

Every time you perspire from the heat, it's a danger signal. "B.O." will follow if you aren't careful. Don't let "B.O." come between you and your sweetheart, your friends. Use Lifebuoy with its famous health ingredient every morning. Even in sweltering midsummer weather Lifebuoy gives you day-long protection against "B.O." And what cool relief! Lifebuoy's lather is so refreshing, it's like a new lease of life on hot sticky days.



The hotter the weather the more you need LIFEBOUY

For Easter week-end

Continued from page 30

For Monday's picnic

CHOOSE foods that pack easily and are satisfying. Avoid over-seasoning, as this may cause tireome thirst.

This menu is suitable for children and adults. Bread and butter or peanut butter sandwiches may be packed to serve with salad vegetables and these cakes.

Potato and Parsnip Cakes.
Celery, Lettuce, Tomatoes
Lemon and Raisin Tartlets
Apples Chocolate Milk

For Potato and Parsnip Cakes: Combine mashed potato and parsnip, season with pepper, salt and onion juice, bind with beaten egg, coat with breadcrumbs, deep-fry.

Lemon and Raisin Tartlets: Make about 10oz. of short pastry, line patty-tins with half of it. To 1 cup lemon juice add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and about 2 cups of raisins or sultanas, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, and 1 or 2 beaten eggs. Fill the pastry-cases with this mixture, moisten edges, and cover with remaining pastry. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F.) and cook about 20 minutes longer.



Lady with a Secret...

No one will ever guess her age—not while her hair has the glowing colour and vibrant health of youth! Make your hair young, too, with NAPRO Hair Dye. Ask for any of the twenty-nine shades at your beauty salon—or buy NAPRO from chemists and stores.

napro hair dye

TRUFOOD stands for full cream POWDERED MILK

NO PRESERVATIVES ADDED. Trufood is pure, fresh milk, whole milk, in powdered form. It has all the vitamins and food value of new country milk. Easy to mix—and no waste whatever! You use just as much or as little as you need and keep the rest till later. But please don't buy more than you require, then there'll be enough for everyone.





"Gee, Mummy,
but you're pretty!"

Neil Wilson

There need be no age-limit for beauty. Sweet tribute is paid alike to teen-age glamour and Mother's glowing charm. Today's lovely women are wise in their beauty care and most particular in their choice of a beauty soap. To keep their skin smooth and radiant they choose Palmolive because they know Palmolive contains those long-cherished beauty aids . . . olive and palm oils.

THE PROVED PALMOLIVE PLAN FOR A LOVELIER SKIN

Wash your face three times a day with Palmolive soap. For a full minute massage Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather into your skin . . . just like a cream, then rinse thoroughly. You will find this simple regular beauty care will work wonders for your skin.



PALMOLIVE

KEEP THAT
SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER

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